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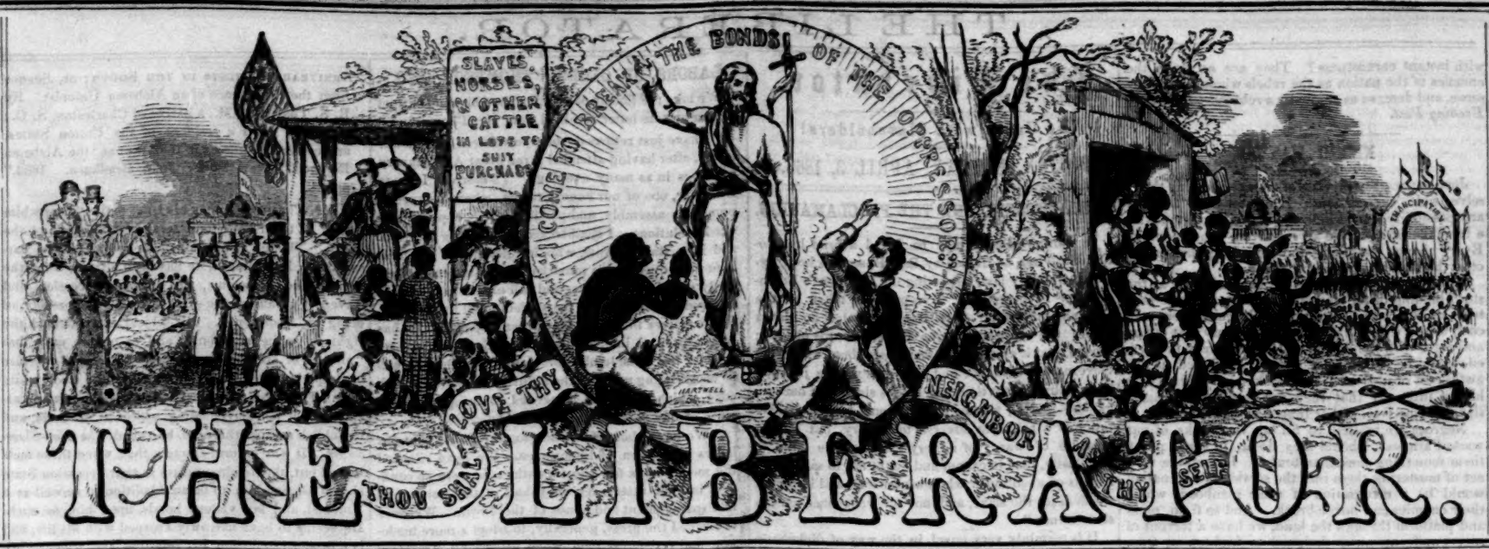

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof."

"I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and SLAVERY AMONG THE REST; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, but the COMMANDER OF THE ARMY, HAS POWER TO ORDER THE UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES. . . . From the instant that the slaveholding States become the theatre of a war, CIVIL, servile, or foreign, from that instant the war powers of CONGRESS extend to interference with the institution of slavery, IN EVERY WAY IN WHICH IT CAN BE INTERFERED WITH, from a claim of indemnity for slaves taken or destroyed, to the cession of States, burdened with slavery, to a foreign power. . . . It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and MUST CARRY IT ON, ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF WAR; and by the laws of war, an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and MARTIAL POWER TAKES THE PLACE OF THEM. When two hostile armies are set in martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory."—J. Q. ADAMS.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor.

Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.

J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers.

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Refuge of Oppression.

MASSACRE, THE NATURAL RESULT OF THE "PROCLAMATION."

It was hoped that the "Proclamation" would terminate the rebellion. But that was as fanatic a confidence as ever inflamed the breast of an abolitionist. What made the South revolt? The malady of "nigger on the brain," long acted on by the New England States. How, then, could a proclamation conceived in that disease, and issued in obedience to its detestable madness, have dispersed the traitors? Is it possible to cure a poisoned man by administering more poison—to resuscitate a drowned man by drowning him again—to bring to life a murdered man by a reapplication of stones and bludgeons? It is not. So it is with the Proclamation and rebellion. The Proclamation is a legalized form—an increase in every feature of the first cause of the revolt, and its result has been in perfect agreement with its nature,—namely, a new growth of hostility to the UNION, and of power to resist every attempt at subjugation. Success for the proclamation requires a subversion of the principles of causality in its moral and physical qualities. But the negrophilists are incurable in their disease. They persist in prescribing more abolitionism for the recovery of the dismembered republic, and they will persist, until, as a race, they pass out of life. The history of fanaticism tells that the only cure for its extinction is the extinction of its wretched victims.

But this is not the entire case. The pestilence of "nigger on the brain" is not confined in evil effect to an increase of the rebellion; it is also a certain cause to a bloody uprising of the blacks against all the white people in the South. It is rationally to be feared that a proclamation of the "Proclamation" among the slaves would be immediately followed by a universal massacre of the planters and their families—Union men, anti-union men, boys, girls, women, children, and all. This is not a groundless statement. Are the blacks of the South more humane than those of San Domingo? They are not. Yet in 1791, the abolitionists of France caused the latter to revolt so terribly, that many thousands of the violences of lust, of arson, of territorial devastation, and of murder, were perpetrated by night, and by day, and the Island was cut off politically from the rightful authority of the French nation. And if this memorable example of an atrocious effect were not before us, there would be still ample ground for dread of a sanguinary uprising in the Southern slave. Has he ever uprisen, and committed terrible acts of savagery? He has upon several occasions.

The cool, well-planned murder of their masters and mistresses in the dead of night, and in the open day, has been, by no means, an uncommon crime among Southern slaves. And have they not conspired universal rebellion? They have often. Charleston and other Southern cities attest this. Risings among the blacks have been common things on the plantations. Finally: What was the "John Brown raid" founded on? On the clear trust that the negroes would crowd to his treasonable standard. They did not crowd to it, partly because the fanatic laid his plans without judgment, and partly because they were afraid. But they had the disposition to rise. Brown's presumption that they would rise proves this. There is, however, a better proof of it: *the immediate arming of all the whites in the slave States as soon as they heard of Brown's attempt to excite the negroes against them.* Thus there can be no reasonable doubt, but a very legitimate and pressing dread that the fate of the whites of San Domingo is hanging over the whites of the Southern plantations. And is not the proclamation calculated to impel the fulfilment of this dreadful fate? That "wooly head" measure of fanaticism has not yet indeed penetrated the rebel lines; but it will penetrate them; and it is not liberty *but dreadful license* it will effect. It will be a *Constitutional* torch to a magazine of savagery that has often burst out of itself.

This awful certainty is increased by the enrollment of black regiments; for those regiments will propagate among the slaves the sentiment of bold rebellion to their masters. Every black soldier will put, if he can, a weapon of murder into the hands of every slave he meets; his words will be words of revolt; and his military appearance in itself, and military example in shooting down rebels, will serve as excitements to horrid violence, which the slave will not pause to resist. All this is natural—too natural—fatally so! Verily, the rebellion is a thing of dreadful consequence to the South—the white millions of the North, and its own slaves, in arms against it. Repressed be the rebellion. But it can be repressed only by constitutional means. War is a violence that produces greater disasters than those it is intended to correct, when it is illegitimately used. It is a thing of death, of mutilation, and fire; but it has its law of order; and when its law of order is not observed, it fails in effecting the purpose for which it is waged. From the preceding remarks, it is plain that we are not carrying on our war in its just order. The proclamation is a fearful violation of its order. The enrollment of black soldiers is the same. Both have the sanguinary insurrection of four millions of slaves for their direct, for their first, and for their final consequence. This is not intended: but it will be the result. Causes will produce their consequences, whatever intentions may be.

Is there nothing to stop this double current of furious disorder in the war? Southern valor, which, we are compelled to acknowledge, cannot be excelled, will keep it off for some time; but it will flow through the South, if the North does not shoulder it back, and conduct it to be made spray of by the constitutional voice of the country. Let this be done. Do we want San Domingo to be repeated in the South? Have we no horror at seeing the females of the South treated in a manner and in circumstances too shocking to name, by the slaves of the plantations? Are we to save the history of the Republic from the broad, indelible disfigurement of the massacre, lust, conflagration and sacrilege on a white minority, committed by four millions of Africans in wild, unbridled license from every law? The whites are in treason. Certainly. But the pestilence of "nigger on the brain" has lashed them into it. But even if that detested malady had never existed—if the treason of the South had no Northern cause whatever, that should not take from us correct principles. But what can remonstrance do? The age of reason is over. The pestilence of negrophily has clouded it; the Southern black stands before its light; and fanaticism will surrender nothing. Our Constitution is negro-ridden. . . . . Still, let us not despair. The permanent character of nations is in the hands of God; and there is nothing He chastises so heavily as fanaticism. May His mercy save the country from the scenes of San Domingo!—*Boston Pilot.*

☞ Too true is it, that the Abolitionists by their coarse tongues, by their blasphemous pulpits, by their tracts, by their press, by their general fanaticism, and by their agent, Abraham Lincoln, have driven the Republic to the very verge of ruin.—*Ibid.*

The Liberator.

ACTION OF METHODIST CONFERENCE AT GEORGETOWN, D. C.,

WASHINGTON, March 20, 1863.

DEAR MR. GARRISON,—Enclosed, I send you the proceedings of the Methodist Conference at Georgetown, D. C., on Tuesday last, as reported in the Washington *Chronicle* of this date. Such an exhibition of moral rottenness, as is here seen, cannot be paralleled outside the Baltimore Conference, unless in the conclaves of the Knights of the Golden Circle, or the Five Points in New York. After the late action of this body of moral lepers, if it do not stink in the nostrils of all decent people forever, then the religious condition of the country is most deplorable indeed. This is the second attempt made to pass resolutions, faintly and feebly endorsing the Government and condemning treason, with the same result. I have met a few of these Methodist wolves in sheep's clothing, since the Conference has been in session, and, so far as I have observed, they are generally a tobacco-chewing, cigar-smoking, and evidently whiskey-drinking set of rowdies, unworthy in any respect to be recognized as gentlemen. A. J. GROVER.

On Tuesday morning, Rev. C. A. Read and E. N. Davis presented the following preamble and resolutions, viz.:—

Whereas, there exists in several of the Southern States a wicked and armed rebellion against the lawfully constituted authorities of the United States; and whereas, the twenty-third article of Religion in our Book of Discipline recognizes the authority of the United States as binding upon all the citizens of the United States; and whereas, the Holy Scriptures enjoin submission to the powers that be; therefore,

Resolved, First. That while we, as an ecclesiastical body, disclaim all intermeddling with party politics, we believe it the duty of Christians, and especially of all Christian ministers, living and claiming protection under the Constitution, to be subject to the supreme authority of the United States, and to use all laudable means to enjoin obedience to the same.

Second. That the President of the United States has our sympathies and prayers in every constitutional and lawful effort that has for its object the subjugation of the rebellion, and the restoration of the Union, and the establishment of a permanent peace in our country.

Third. And that to this end, the President be requested to set apart a day to be observed by the American Churches as one of fasting, prayer, and humiliation, that God may turn away his wrath, and smite upon our beloved country once again.

As soon as these were read, J. L. Gilbert offered the following as a substitute:—

Resolved, That inasmuch as each member of our body has espoused the doctrine set forth in the twenty-third article of Religion, contained in our Book of Discipline, under circumstances of peculiar solemnity, we regard the act of the distinguished lawyer who has abused the courtesy of an introduction to our body, at its present session, by making it the occasion of a virtual impeachment of our loyalty to the Government of our country, as an unwarrantable and wanton assault upon our character as men, and upon our honor and integrity as ministers of the Gospel.

No second being obtained for this substitute, a motion was immediately made by Rev. Thomas Myers, that the preamble and resolution of Messrs. Read and Davis be tabled.

Debate being thus cut off, the vote was taken, and resulted as follows: yeas 37, nays 11.

The yeas were N. J. B. Morgan, L. F. Morgan, T. Sewall, B. Peyton Brown, J. Bear, T. W. Clemm, J. L. Gilbert, D. Thomas, W. B. Edwards, W. S. Edwards, T. H. W. Monroe, Dr. John L. Gibbons,* H. Westwood, W. F. Ward, F. S. Cassiday, J. H. Bull, Boyle, Murphy, Leach, McDaniels, Wyson, Smith, Bear, Buhrman, and others.

The nays were Messrs. Phelps, Davis, Read, Collins, Thrush, Hoover, Ryan, Stark, Lemmon, McNaman, and Sypse.

Upon the announcement of the vote, Rev. Thomas Sewall, of Baltimore, suggested or moved that the reporters be requested to omit from their account of the proceedings the vote and the action of the Conference on the entire subject.

Mr. Davis said "he hoped no such request would be made. It was not manly."

Mr. Phelps said "he hoped the motion would not prevail. It looked as if the Conference, after voting down what he considered resolutions free from objections, feared to let the public know what it did. He wished everything to see the light."

Apparently from the effect of these speeches, and the manifest sensation produced by the attempt to suppress the proceedings, Mr. Sewall withdrew his motion. He then, in connection with Rev. N. J. B. Morgan, offered the following, viz.:—

Resolved, That the President of the United States of America be respectfully requested to appoint a day of national fasting and prayer to Almighty God, that it may please him to bring our civil war to an end, and restore to us unity, peace, and prosperity.

This was briefly discussed.

Dr. Sewall said "he was a Union man; not a defender of details and policies, which, with men, would pass away 'as the early cloud and morning dew.'"

J. B. Morgan defended the resolution, as one which was in substance the same as the ones tabled. Analyzing it, he said it made a request of "the President of the United States," recognizing him and no other as our rightful head, and that it looked to the restoration of our national unity, not its disintegration, and to a consequent peace and prosperity. He regarded the introduction of the subject as indiscreet and unwise, much as he respected Mr. Read and Mr. Davis.

Dr. W. M. D. Ryan said, under the circumstances he hailed the resolution as an oasis. He thanked Mr. Sewall for it. As to his own loyalty, none could doubt it; he was sound to the core.

Mr. Phelps said he differed with many of his brethren; but this was no new thing. He was a believer in fasting and prayer; but, after the refusal of the Conference to express sympathy with the President in the use of *legal and constitutional* efforts to restore peace and unity to the nation, he thought the resolution out of place, disrespectful to the President, and with this view he could not vote for it.

Mr. Davis expressed similar views. After the Conference had tabled his resolution, thereby saying in effect that it was against constitutional means for putting down a wicked rebellion, or that it feared to speak out, he regarded the resolution of Dr. Sewall as non-committal, and he would not be the man to take it to the President.

Rev. T. Myers said the Conference had nothing to do with national affairs; but he would favor the resolution, as it only called for prayer. He would not vote for anything that could be considered an expression in favor of any special views or policy.

Rev. D. Thomas opposed the resolution as uncalled for. *Nothing should be said either way.* Many of our members were sensitive on the subject, and the resolution would be offensive to them. Church and State should be kept separate.

Rev. W. J. D. Clemm offered this substitute:—

Resolved, That inasmuch as the Discipline defines the relation of both the preacher and people to the Government, any resolution on the subject is unnecessary.

This was laid on the table—yeas 26, nays 22.

Rev. D. Thomas offered the following:—

Resolved, That the Presiding Bishop be requested to appoint a day of fasting and prayer for the peace, prosperity, and harmony of the Church within the bounds of the Baltimore Conference.

This was at once tabled.

Rev. J. Bull* then said: "State matters ought not to be touched. *He hated abolitionism as he did hell.* Any resolution in reference to the President would destroy the Church. Pass it, and there are scores of Methodists in Baltimore and adjacent places who will leave the Church. He used to fast and pray, but of late had ceased to do so. When he fasted and prayed, he did not wish to do it at the bidding of any man, except the Bishop."

Rev. J. Lanahan opposed useless debate, saying his mind was made up as fully as it would be after long discussion.

Rev. John Bear said: "After the interpretation of the resolution given by Rev. Mr. Morgan, he would vote against it. He was opposed to secession so far as it could be prevented. He was in favor of the first part of the resolution; but he did not pray for the success of either the Federal or Confederate arms—*he did not know which was right.*"

Rev. Mr. Clemm moved to add to the resolution, "if consistent with the will of Providence," carrying out Mr. Bear's idea. Lost—yeas 15, nays 31.

A division of the question was then moved, so that the resolution could simply ask the appointment of a day of fasting and prayer, without mentioning any specific objects.

The vote was then taken, and lost.

Rev. Thomas Sewall then said some misapprehended the resolution; it rested on the 23d article of the Discipline, requiring obedience to the supreme Government, an article placed there by Mr. Asbury and the fathers of the church. The Methodist Conference was the first to congratulate General Washington on his election as President. The brethren with whom he was more intimately identified had agreed to modify their views to meet those who did not wish to take higher ground, and he hoped they would be met half-ways; although he regarded the introduction of the subject as all wrong.

Rev. Mr. Gilbert asked Mr. Sewall if he regarded his resolution as the same as the 23d article of Religion, and was answered in the affirmative.

The vote was then taken, and the resolutions adopted.

From the foregoing statement of the proceedings, etc., several things are clearly apparent:

First. The eleven who voted against tabling the Read and Davis resolutions, divided on the Sewall and Morgan resolution, the majority voting for it, a minority against it.

Second. Those supporting the Sewall and Morgan resolution differed as to its character. Some of them considered it as substantially the same as the Read and Davis resolution, while others regarded it as essentially different.

* This man was chaplain of the Fifth Maryland regiment, and wrote letters for the purpose of procuring a hospital chaplaincy! Are there not more such chaplains?

* Dr. Gibbons is only a superannuated preacher, engaged in secular business.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

MR. GARRISON:

In the *Liberator* of March 18 is a communication from Seward Mitchell, headed "Peace and War," in which, speaking of despotism, monarchy and republicanism, he uses the following language:—

"It is said that the people of Europe look to this country as the hope of the world. But they must find it all in vain. Republicanism or democracy is from hell, like all the rest; and is to be destroyed by a war of ideas and a war of bullets."

Hail, shades of Washington and Jefferson! thou hero of Mount Vernon, and thou sage of Monticello! Is *this* the end to which your labors on earth were directed? Were the principles for which you contended on the battle-field, and in the council-chamber and halls of legislation, from beneath? Is the noble fabric for which you labored and prayed, and for the completion of which you waited in hope, to fall to the ground with a mighty crash, because the foundation was not securely laid? *Never!* The principles on which the Democratic Republic of the United States stands are immortal, and can never die. They are in accordance with the laws of nature, and in harmony with the nature of man, and can never be overthrown. Yea, they are imbedded in the nature of man, and cannot be destroyed by a war of ideas, nor a war of bullets, nor both.

But, what means the mighty struggle in which the United States, North and South, are now engaged, and how is it possible that the national life can be preserved through such terrible throes? It is the last great effort of the people, North and South, to bring forth the capstone of the beautiful fabric, and put it in its place, and is necessary for the completion of the fabric, and for the preservation of the life of the nation.

In its inception, the republic was double—two-fold. First: "All men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain natural and inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Here is the seed, the germ, the life of the republic.

Second: "They (the States) have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do."

A family, or republic, composed, first, of individuals, or people; second, of States, or lesser republics.

But, the last shall be first, and the first last.

How? In the order of unfoldment. The war between England and America, which terminated in 1783, cleared the way for the unfoldment of the republic as composed of States; standing *last* in the order of arrangement in the Declaration of '76, but *first* in the order of unfoldment, in which form the *States* are equal.

The present war in America, between the North and the South, was to clear the way for the unfoldment of the republic as composed of individuals, or people, standing *first* in the Declaration of '76, but *last* in the order of unfoldment, in which form all *men* are equal.

As in clearing the way for the unfoldment of the republic as composed of States, the action of both England and America, in the former war, was necessary; so, also, was the action of both North and South in the latter war necessary, in clearing the way for the unfoldment of the republic as composed of individuals, or people.

How? In the unfoldment of the republic as composed of States, the States were equal. No one of them had the right to interfere with the institutions of another. Consequently, they could delegate no such right to the general government. Now, slavery being a State institution in the Southern States, which they would not voluntarily relinquish, and being also deeply rooted in the hearts of the people of the North, (as a people,) and there being no right or power in the government to interfere with State institutions while the old Union remained, there was no other way possible for the unfoldment of the republic as composed of individuals, in which the rights of the poorest black baby shall be held equally sacred with those of the richest and whitest statesman, but for the Southern States to "step out;" and thus, by endangering the life of the nation, give to the government the right to declare the slave free, and to extend to him its protection, as a measure of absolute necessity, for the preservation of the life of the republic.

Thus the growth or unfoldment of the United States republic has been just as regular and gradual as the growth or unfoldment of any plant or tree; and England and America, and the United States, *North* and *South*, (intentionally or not intentionally,) have each acted an important, an indispensable part, in the planting, or growth, or unfoldment of this *Tree of Liberty*, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations.

It is in view of the unfoldment of this *Tree of Life*, and of the benefits which it is to confer, "that the people of Europe look to this country as the hope of the world"; and, I am happy to believe, they will not find that hope in vain!

WILLIAM S. FLANDERS.

Cornville, (Me.) March 23, 1863.

SUPPORT OF THE LIBERATOR.

EASTON, Washington Co., (N. Y.) March 2, 1863.

DEAR FRIEND, WM. L. GARRISON:

Notwithstanding the wide-spread missionary field which the present terrible revolution is opening, bringing with it many new and increasing demands upon the hearts and purses of all the friends of humanity, I have been made to rejoice in the firm and cheering words and "material" assurances of so goodly a number of the old soldiers that have so long marched to the inspiring music and under the banner of the *Liberator*, as to be unwilling for a moment to entertain the idea of its not being sustained, on account of the trifling and unavoidable increased price. Who, among all its readers, can afford to lose the "pioneer sheet," the unflinching, the uncompromising messenger and advocate of the God-given rights of man, and whose columns have ever been open to genuine free discussion? Not one, I trust, who has been in any good degree baptized and imbued with the spirit of liberty and liberality engraven upon its banner, which has stood out as a beacon light for a quarter of a century, amid the surrounding darkness, persecution, servile calumny and relentless abuse, on the part of a people "whose feet have run to do evil, and whose hands have made haste to shed innocent blood," and, as of old, during all those years of warning, have continued to "stone" the living "prophets," and are now reaping the reward of their doings.

I earnestly feel, that while the popular press is being so lavishly sustained by the million, that the comparatively few supporters of Anti-Slavery papers should esteem it not only their highest duty, but their glorious privilege, to contribute, according to the ability with which they have been blessed, (whether it be little or much,) to the Christian work of sustaining the true gospel of liberty and justice which is now in an agonizing and gigantic struggle with tyranny and oppression, in this our own beloved, our native land.

During the recent visit of our ever-welcome friend, Parker Pillsbury, to Washington county, and while attending meetings with him, I renewed my subscription, and also that of a friend, $3 each; but not feeling "quite clear," I herewith enclose $2 in addition; and if it becomes necessary, hereby pledge $5 more for the current year, to keep the good old ship afloat, with her timbers all sound, and her flag unfurled.

May we not reasonably hope that the present signs of the times indicate progress in the right direction? That the glorious sun-light of universal liberty and equality, which alone can secure true and lasting peace and prosperity, (and for which thou hast so long and faithfully labored,) may speedily dawn upon this dark and bloody conflict, is the constant prayer of thy humble but admiring friend, J. W. PECKHAM.

COURAGE AND FAITH TO THE END.

To you, the old pioneer in the Anti-Slavery cause, there is of course no need of my giving any assurance of the mighty and ultimate triumph of our cause. Faith in the final triumph of Truth has sustained you through long and dark years. We have no fears but that you will stand firm "a little longer."

But there are some whose hearts seem to fail them, for fear of the apparent success of the slavery-sympathizers of the North. They little understand the principle eternally established in the nature of things: "*Truth is mighty, and will prevail!*" The apparent life of slavery at the North is the apparent life of the person who springs headless from the block of the guillotine. The great serpent Slavery, with Jeff. Davis and his no less impious associates for a *head*, and Horatio Seymour and his Five-Points constituents for its *tail*, had wound its slimy folds through the nation. Should any wonder, then, when a death-blow is given upon its head, that agony is manifested at the other extremity? No, let it writhe! 'Tis but the last mortal struggle of the expiring monster. The serpent cannot die without exhibiting signs of pain; and these signs are matter of rejoicing to the friends of freedom throughout the world.

Yours, for the right,

MATTHEW FARRINGTON.

Denver, Bremer Co., Iowa.

IS EMANCIPATION A NULLITY?

The ancient Babel of tongues was harmony in comparison with the modern Babel of opinions on government. Our fathers saw, or thought they saw, a clear line of demarkation between right and wrong, an intelligible distinction between righteous government and tyrannous oppression; but it is very evident that no such line is discernible by the people of this generation. Consistency is out of the question; Congress makes little pretension to that virtue, and it will scarcely be claimed for the President. He makes no secret of the fact that his movements are governed by what appears expedient at the moment. In this he but follows the teachings which have long ruled in the management of the Republic. When we separated from the mother country, we declared that government and justice were synonymous; now, government is a weathercock, and when it happens to point towards the pole-star of justice, we clap our hands, and bless Providence for the happy coincidence.

Several articles in the *Tribune*, during the past week, furnish a striking illustration of the inconsistencies to which we refer. This avowed champion of an anti-slavery policy has several times intimated, since the issuing of the emancipation proclamation, that if the rebel States would return to their allegiance, the President would be perfectly justifiable in withdrawing the proclamation, and permitting the masters still to retain in bondage those whom he had declared free; that any State might save its slave property by simply withdrawing from the rebellion. A correspondent having requested an explanation of the editor's views, he goes into the subject at length, arguing in the broadest terms the right of the several States to make whatever laws they please in reference to slavery within their own limits. After expressing his conviction that "it would be unwise and perilous" for them "to attempt the reëstablishment" of slavery, he says:—

"But that our government has in any manner pledged itself to continue war one moment longer than shall be necessary to bring back the rebels to loyalty, to the Union and Constitution, we emphatically deny. Were the rebel States to say to the Federal Government to-morrow, 'Withdraw your proclamation of freedom, and we will each return to loyalty, elect members to the next Congress, and fulfil every constitutional obligation,' we hold that the President would be at perfect liberty to accept the offer, if he saw fit, taking care that every one, whether white, black, or of mixed blood, who had adhered to and served the Union in the struggle, should be shielded from persecution therefor. But that he could constrain the State of Georgia, or any other State, persistently to treat, within her own boundaries and jurisdiction, persons as free whom she chose to regard as slaves, is not evident to us. If he might, some one can say under what provision of the Federal Constitution."

No wonder that an avowal like this, by a journal that has at times been foremost among the antagonists of slavery, has thoroughly alarmed its readers. The bare possibility that our government might contemplate such a back-down as this; the very suggestion that it could, in any event, descend to such a violation of solemn promise, made before the world and in the face of high heaven, sent a thrill of horror through thousands of patriotic hearts. It was like a flash of lightning, bursting on the midnight traveller, and disclosing to his petrified vision the awful chasm into which he is just stepping. On every tongue was heard the inquiry, Is this so? Is it true that after the most solemn legislative and executive action of which the nation is capable, Georgia and the other rebel States can persistently defy the general government, nullify its decisions, and reduce to slavery whom she will? Yes, with the old doctrine of State rights and State supremacy over its own population and its own interior affairs, the *Tribune's* conclusion certainly follows. If the Union is to be restored "as it was," with the old guarantees of slavery as hitherto understood by three-fourths of our statesmen and legislators, there is no escaping the abyss which this lightning flash of the *Tribune* has exposed; down the precipice we must go, and be blotted from the list of nations, as sure as there is destiny on earth, or a God in heaven. Let us then look the danger full in the face, and admit the logical results of our position.

The first consequence which we shall have to admit is, that the President's proclamation was a nullity, a farce, a mockery. "I do order and declare that *all persons held as slaves*, within said designated States and parts of States, *are and henceforward shall be free*; and that the EXECUTIVE GOVERNMENT of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, WILL RECOGNIZE AND MAINTAIN THE FREEDOM of such persons." Was there ever a stronger or more unqualified pledge given by any nation or government on any occasion whatever? Can there be pointed out in history the name of any prince or potentate, whose infamy would equal that of President Lincoln, if he should repudiate this solemn official act, and refuse to "maintain," with the whole military and naval power of the United States, the "freedom" of every person included in the above designation? Why, the taunts and hisses of Europe at such unheard of perfidy would scorch us like fire; we could not travel in any foreign country without meeting a scorn that would be absolutely intolerable; no citizen possessing the slightest sense of national honor would ever be seen abroad. The *Tribune* attempts to soften this disgrace by arguing that this proclamation was never meant to free "all persons held as slaves," but only such as should escape from the rebels and join our armies! His interpretation is this: "That every slave who shall have practically closed with the proffers of the President, deserted the rebels, and rendered or tendered any service to the Union cause, will have thereby established a valid claim on our government for the maintenance and vindication of his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, we do most firmly believe and maintain." It is scarcely necessary to say that there is not a word or a syllable of all this in the proclamation. The President makes no such conditions. He says they ARE free, whether they remain on their masters' plantations or desert them; he says they "SHALL BE free, *thenceforth and forever*;" and yet more, he declares that the army and navy of the United States *shall maintain* their freedom. What need of a proclamation to ensure the freedom of those that had escaped to our lines, or been engaged in our service? Their freedom was provided for by Congress, early in the war; the proclamation of January 1st made no reference whatever to any such class. It pronounced every slave, in every cabin, on every plantation, in every rebel State, absolutely, unconditionally, and irrevocably free, and invoked the favor of Almighty God upon the solemn transaction. For this the *Tribune*, in common with other loyal sheets, raised the benediction, "*God bless Abraham Lincoln!*" and now the same editor contends that the President is at liberty to nullify his act, and permit Georgia, Alabama, Missouri, and so on, to retain their slaves just as if nothing had happened!

We must, on the premises laid down, admit further, that the hundred days' grace offered by the President in his warning of September 22d, was utterly destitute of force or meaning. That warning told them their condition would on the 1st of January be changed; but, according to Mr. Greeley, it was not changed at all; the slaves who escaped previous to that time would be free, and those who escaped afterwards would be free in like manner; those who remained with their masters would be slaves, whether in 1862, 1863, or any future year in which the Union should be restored. For the restoration of this Union we are fighting, knowing all the time that whenever its restoration is effected, the sway of the slaveholders over their human chattels will instantly return! And General Banks, by the same supposition, prevents the Louisiana freedmen from leaving the State, knowing that as soon as the war closes, the State will resume her jurisdiction over them as before!

Another clear inference from the *Tribune's* premises is, that Georgia has power to nullify the doings of the President and Congress. The emancipation act of Congress is nearly as broad as the President's proclamation, embracing every slave belonging to a rebel. These are free by the highest law of the land, and cannot be reënslaved, except by pronouncing the act of Congress unconstitutional. We are sorry the *Tribune* had not left it to Judge Taney, to discover the unconstitutionality of the law, and to advocate the right of States to overrule and override it, by reaffirming and reënacting their own laws in opposition to it. What a picture of government does the *Tribune* give us! Congress making one law, and Georgia another; Congress declaring men free, and Georgia declaring them slaves; Georgia finally triumphing by asserting her own paramount jurisdiction within her own sphere! What more did Calhoun ever ask for?

But the unpleasant inferences are not yet exhausted. Perhaps when Georgia has succeeded in the reënslavement of all who did not have the good fortune to escape from their masters, she may begin to look after those who did escape, and who have thus "established a valid claim on our government" for protection. Suppose she lays her grasp on a hundred here, and a thousand there, who by their services during the war are entitled to have their "rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness maintained and vindicated," how, by the *Tribune's* logic, can the government interpose, and "override the Constitution and laws of that State"? Will it not be just as difficult to secure the permanent freedom of those who have thrown themselves upon us for protection, as of those who have remained with their masters? The editor virtually confesses this. He says, in reply to his correspondent, that even those who are *actually* freed, can have no security against reënslavement. The only advantage the freedman who escapes to the North will have, is that he cannot be seized on free soil; that is, he may put in the President's proclamation as a bar to the operation, in his case, of the Fugitive Slave Law! All, then, which the great and glorious act of the 1st of January accomplished is the suspension, in certain cases, of the Fugitive Slave Law! Call this an edict of *Emancipation*, an act of justice, over which the nations of the earth are to sing pæans of thanksgiving! The idea is preposterous. A central government which cannot protect those whom it frees is too feeble a concern to be dignified with the name of government. —*American Baptist.*

ONE STEP FURTHER.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Some men maintain that any rebel State, once reinstated in the Union, may afterwards, by statute, reënslave those blacks who have been freed by the President's Proclamation.

Doubtless this is a mistake. No lawyer will doubt that just the *only persons* whom such a State could not enslave are her former slaves. No doubt, under the old Union, any one of the original thirteen States could establish slavery within her limits—perhaps any one of the States could do so. Now, if the old Union comes back, any rebel State admitted to it could, by statute enacted conformably to her own constitution, enslave any of her whites or all her hitherto free blacks, but not one man held as a slave within her limits on the 1st day of January last.

Let us show this by the briefest argument.

1st. On the 1st day of January, 1863, the President proclaims that all slaves within certain limits are free, and shall thenceforward be free. He pledges the Union to maintain their freedom. This is essentially a LAW OF THE UNITED STATES.

2d. Suppose that, on one theory, the old State of South Carolina should be reinstated; or, on the correct theory, *a new* State of South Carolina should be admitted into the Union, and afterwards enacts a law enslaving all the blacks within her limits.

3d. Suppose some negro who was a slave there on the 1st day of last January is seized under such law. He is brought by *habeas corpus* before the Supreme Court of the United States, and alleges:—

1st. That he was a slave in South Carolina on the 1st day of January, 1863, and set free by the President's Proclamation of that date.

2d. That such Proclamation is essentially a *law of the United States*, and as such comes under the 2d Section of Article 6th of the United States Constitution, enacting that "this Constitution and *the laws of the United States* which shall be made in pursuance thereof * * * shall be the SUPREME LAW of the land, * * * anything in the Constitution or *laws of any State* to the contrary notwithstanding."

What Court, holding the President's Proclamation to be constitutional, could refuse to set the man free, and hold such State law inoperative as to him? Surely, no one.

But, since influential persons even now maintain a contrary doctrine, it is possible that, on some future occasion, a profligate party might be gathered on such a platform. Besides, the enslaving of two hundred and fifty thousand (250,000) blacks, now in the South and for many years free, which would be legal and not at all improbable, would be a momentous evil. Hence the necessity of providing against such disastrous contingencies. We are dealing with barbarians, and should obtain all possible guarantees.

To this end, the people should remember that the same "military necessity" which authorizes the President to emancipate slaves, also authorizes the Government, through its appropriate departments, *to abolish slavery*, to put an end to the system in all the States, now and forever. An act of Congress to effect this was much discussed, in private, during the last session, and received nearly unanimous approval. A bill for this purpose, drawn up by that far-sighted statesman, R. Dale Owen, was very thoroughly scrutinized and widely approved.

Let the people fix their minds on this point, and go forward to claim, not merely the emancipation of slaves, as was done on the first day of January, but the annihilation of the system itself, in all the States,—both Border and Gulf States. No pause till this goal is reached!—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE TRIBUNE ON THE PROCLAMATION.

In the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, of last week, is an able editorial article, fitly criticising the monstrous position laid down by the New York *Tribune*, that, in case any of the revolted States shall return to their old loyalty, their slaves will not be emancipated by the President's Proclamation, unless having previously come within the lines of the Federal army; and, therefore, their bondage may be continued indefinitely! It concludes as follows:—

The doctrine thus set forth and reiterated by the *Tribune* is as absurd in law as it is abhorrent to justice. If such a crime be possible, and if the President should do anything to subject him to the infamy of such an imputation, we should not differ from Judge Conway as to the only thing to be done in the premises. The last end of the nation would, indeed, be worse than the first, could such be the issue of this struggle. A thousand times better were it that the independence of the rebel States were recognized, than that the life of the nation should be saved at the cost of its soul. It had better die than live with its honor lost and its faith broken. But we do not apprehend danger in this form. That there may be men about the counsels of the President who are willing to have a pacification at the expense of the slaves, we fear, and have not withheld the expression of our fears. But we do not believe that this form of the sacrifice ever occurred to any of them, until suggested by the *Tribune*, and we are sure that they are too well acquainted with the principles of law, and too considerate of appearances, to adopt it. The President himself we believe to be utterly incapable of the baseness thus connected with his name. The danger lies in another direction that we have to fear, and it is in the Supreme Court room that it lurks, and whence it may dart out upon us at an hour that we look not for it. We do not anticipate mischief from any direct effect of these crude suggestions of the *Tribune*. We only regret the help that they give to the enemy, the discouragement they must work in loyal men, as far as they have any influence at all, and the waste of the mighty influence the *Tribune* might use for good, if directed by a steadier wisdom. The *Tribune* is a Power on Earth, and it might have been a much mightier and more controlling power, had its course been more consistent with itself, and with the highest political morality, since the beginning of the war. Its readers form, perhaps, the most intelligent public that any newspaper in the world possesses. We do not believe that they are led astray by the inexplicable vagaries of its editor, much as they regret them, and willing as they are to explain them in any way rather than by the suggestion of a bad motive. But they grieve none the less that it is in the house of her friends, that freedom is exposed to blows like these.

THE NOBLE SPIRIT OF THE ARMY.

Can any manifestation of character be more noble or beautiful than that which has been recently given, in all parts of the country, by the brave men composing our armies in the field? They have been for a year, or two years, far away from home, enduring all the hardships of both winter and summer campaigns, sleeping on the ground under the open sky in all kinds of weather, performing long and toilsome marches over rough mountain paths, and through valleys filled knee deep with mud, mounting guard by night in lonely thickets, where every bush concealed a deadly foe, fighting sanguinary battles which were prolonged for days and sometimes weeks, and losing limbs and health in the thousand methods incidental to war.

Now, if any men in the world might justly desire peace, it is those men who have been so long exposed to the dangers and sufferings of war. If there are any men in the world who would be likely to appreciate the comforts and quietude of home, it is those who for twenty months have scarcely known a bed, or sat beside a hearth-stone, or eaten from a well-spread table—if there be any men, in short, whose circumstances should incline them to listen with eagerness to discontented whispers against the measures of the government, it is those men who are called to face the difficulties of their execution, and who become the immediate victims of every mistake and error. But what do they say? Do we hear any words of dissatisfaction, of repining, of weariness, of willingness to surrender the conflict, of mutiny, of denunciation of the government, or of sympathy with the factions guilty of such things? Not a whimper, but, on the other hand, the clearest expressions of their determination to fight the battle to the end, and the sternest and severest reproaches of the reactionary policy and men. From every camp between the Potomac and the Mississippi, from the coasts of the Carolinas to the bayous of Louisiana and Texas, there comes the single voice of expostulation to those who remain at home, not to desert the cause of the country, not to abandon our brothers in the field, not to play into the hands of rebels red with blood, and not to thwart or embarrass the authorities in the sternest efforts to suppress the revolt.

Some of these appeals are so earnest and touching, that they bring tears to the eyes as they are read, and rival in simple eloquence the best passages of heroic and patriotic expression that history records. What, for instance, can be finer than this sentence from the address of the soldiers of Connecticut, then at Baton Rouge, thousands of miles away, and on the eve of an engagement in which many of them were certain to lose their lives? "Do not be anxious to close the war from a mistaken sense of kindness to us. We would like to return home; but not until treason is crushed. We would like to become simply American citizens once more; but not until the title of American citizen has again become altogether honorable. And if Connecticut joins her voice with that of our enemies and the enemies of our country, we do not desire ever to tread her soil again."

Or, where can we find the obligation of duty stated with more precision or more heroism than in the next paragraph of the same paper? "Do not be perplexed because what was once a political dogma has been judged a military necessity, and our Commander-in-Chief, the President, has thought it wise to strike a blow at slavery. Let traitors and rebels defend this unprofitable, barbarous, undemocratic system of labor, if it seems to them their interest to do so. It is your interest and ours, your duty and ours, to defend only the American Union."

Hundreds, perhaps, of the noble fellows who signed these lines have since gone to their long homes; but the words should be engraved upon their monuments, and treasured forever in all loyal hearts.

It might seem at first sight difficult to account for the fact that the spirit of discontent and of submission is confined to the stay-at-homes, and does not extend to the soldiers. But there are three obvious reasons for this seemingly strange result. In the first place, the majority of those who volunteered for the war did so in a grand and disinterested impulse of patriotism. While others consulted their business, their ease, their convenience, their family ties, and, perhaps, their fears, they took their lives in their hand, and marched forth to the rescue of the nation. The army, then, may be said to be a picked body, largely composed of the sincere and most unselfish natures of the community. In the second place, it retains that high and strong enthusiasm which attended the outbreak of the war, and which, for a time, animated the whole country. Most of us at home have been diverted by other interests; we have revived our old party prejudices; we have grown corrupt, perhaps, under the influence of temptation; and the brightness of our purest gold has been dimmed. But the original fires which flamed out on the morrow of the assault on Sumter, still burn in the hearts of our troops, and they still feel in all their freshness the sentiments of indignation, the glow of ardor, which has passed away from many of us. More than that, in the third place, the war itself has strengthened and deepened the primitive feeling. What was a mere effervescence of sentiment at the outset has become, through experience, a solid conviction. "If you wish to believe a truth," says the old moralist, "you must live it." Our soldiers have lived their Unionism; they hate secession more than ever, because they have felt its malignity in their own persons; and they detest slavery, the cause of the war, from what they have seen of its actual operations, and what they know of its wrongs, miseries and outrages.

Now, when we think of the disinterested and manly conduct of our brothers in the field, what shall we say of those pitiful creatures who are reviling their efforts behind their backs, and doing all that can be done safely to defeat the objects of the war? Are they not in sentiment and purpose worse than the traitors of the South? Should they not be voted down, whenever they raise their heads in politics, with instant earnestness? They are as much the enemies of the nation as the rebels whose cause they serve, and deserve as emphatic a rebuke.—*New York Evening Post.*

NEGRO HATERS.

Just at present, this class of men are making themselves quite conspicuous. Every measure that, by any possibility, can benefit the negro is greeted with a howl that sounds like an echo from pandemonium. Every chance of abusing and oppressing him, on the other hand, is eagerly improved.

The emancipation policy has been adopted at the stern bidding of the necessities of war. These men treat its object as a matter of little consequence, in comparison with the means, and tell us that defeat and ruin, with the daring system of slavery preserved, would be better than victory, purchased at the awful cost of justice to the black man. They hate him so intensely that they are ready to be made slaves themselves, rather than see him freed.

Negroes are invited to fill up the ranks of our wasted armies. Should they do it, it *might* prove them something more than brutes. In fact, the very act of mustering them into the service of the nation would be a recognition of their manhood, which their enemies can never brook. And so from press and platform through the land, we have a torrent of sneers and calumnies designed to frighten us from putting muskets into sable hands. No matter if we do have testimony like that of the captain of the steamer Darlington, who recently saw a regiment of negroes under fire, and, in spite of his own "conservative" tendencies, declared to one who questioned him: "*They fought splendidly, sir, a great deal better than I would.*" No matter if men like "Carleton," of the Boston *Journal*—one of the most candid and reliable witnesses to be found—do tell us: "It is no longer an experiment whether or not negroes can be made soldiers. It has passed beyond the experimental stage. They are soldiers, and have demonstrated their ability, their bravery, their patriotism." And again: "It has been my privilege to see, during twenty-two months of observation, probably five hundred thousand men under arms—old and well-drilled regiments—and raw volunteers. The 1st South Carolina, in drill, in discipline, in dexterity in the use of arms, will compare favorably with any regiment in the service of the United States." All this, and the evidence of many others who have testified on the same points, and to the same effect, must pass for nothing. To the men of whom we speak, the final triumph of Jefferson Davis would be more palatable than the admission of aid from those who "have no rights that white men are bound to respect."

Nor do some of them scruple, when occasion offers, to go still farther. Witness the recent disgraceful scene at Beaufort, where regiments of soldiers from the North—one of them even from Massachusetts—put an innocent and unoffending community under the terrors of mob law, and interrupted them in the great work of gaining education and the arts of civilized life. Witness, too, the systematic personal annoyance and oppression which there is too much reason to fear exist in some of our camps, and by which the negro, however willing to work, and however useful, is ground down to the dust, till his life is more of a burden than it was on his master's plantation. And if this be not enough, note the recent riot in Detroit. An infuriated mob, foiled in their effort to apply lynch law to a man who was under trial before the proper authorities for a heinous crime, turned aside and vented their rage upon the innocent. Had the offender been of any other race, it is not likely they would have thought of such a thing. But he was a negro, and they were negro haters. (1) And so they tore down some thirty-five dwellings of the free colored population in the neighborhood, committing the most horrid outrages on their inmates, and even taking the life of one or more.

Now we are not surprised at either the existence or the bitter spirit of this class. It is an old saying, and one true to human nature, that "men hate those they have injured." It is no wonder, then, that men who have all their lives been helping to rivet the chains of an oppressed and down-trodden race, should hate that race. And especially as the work has been *gratuitous*—as it is men of the free North who have thus bowed their necks to the haughty tread of slavery.

But, while we are not surprised, we *are* indignant. The blood boils in our veins when we think of these men and their doings. They are little, if any, better than the rebels of the South. Besides doing the very work their Southern friends most relish, and thus proving that they are with them in heart, they wear the additional stigma of being traitors to humanity.

Let public opinion and the strong arm of the law hold them to a strict account. Should their habits of thought and modes of action so prevail at the North that they should be suffered to act as exponents, and to perpetuate their outrages unrebuked, farewell at once to both the cause of the Union and that of freedom! God is not likely to prosper us as long as we bear the character of oppressor, or even suffer a few bold, bad men to misrepresent us in these matters. Consciously or unconsciously—in many cases, we charitably hope the latter—"negro haters" are among the worst enemies of our country.—*Dover (N. H.) Morning Star.*

GENERAL BANKS,

AND THE GOVERNMENTAL ESTABLISHMENT OF SLAVERY IN NEW ORLEANS.

Qui facit per alienum, facit per se. He who does a thing by his agent, does it himself. And the motive and purpose of an agency are determined by the conduct of the agent. The object of the master, or the government, or the merchant, comes out in the doings of the servant, the messenger, the supercargo. If a man, appointed by our government for a special object, is seen taking his command in the province to which he was appointed, and proceeding to reëstablish slavery there, it is good and conclusive proof, unless the government instantly recall him, that the instructions from the government were that he should accomplish that very thing. If General Banks throws back the negroes of Louisiana into slavery, this is proof positive that the Administration intended he should do this.

Now, we saw lately an account of a public sale of slaves in New Orleans; the prices that the poor creatures brought were stated; and this slave-market was opened, and this slave-trade driven, within our military lines, on soil occupied by our troops, held and governed by our government. Such atrocities as these are far worse than they ever were before the rebellion. They make our government a slaveholding and slave-trading government, and our nation a nation of men-stealers, as go-betweens and panders. This being permitted, winked at, under Banks and Shepley at New Orleans, the United States become slave-traders.

Under Gen. Banks's method, this government, our government, the government of the United States, is as truly a slave-trading government, as that of the rebel Confederacy. Only, under the rebel Confederacy, the privilege of slave-trading is common to all, without money and without price. But our government offers it as a reward for loyalty. Whoever is loyal to our government, may exercise the blessed privilege of trading in human flesh, may own a stall in this market, and be a master butcher of human rights. What the government of Jeff. Davis grants to all, as a privilege of universal crime, and not a monopoly, our government sets up for sale, and proposes as a bribe for loyalty.

Our government trades off its loyalty; the government of Jeff. Davis sells its slaves. Our government commissions a crime for the sake of the loyalty of the criminal. The government of the rebels establishes the crime as a universal virtue, and punishes disloyalty with death, but does not attempt to buy up the loyalty of its subjects with the privilege of crime, *acknowledged to be crime*. The rebels defend it as a virtue, and an article of piety, and are proud of it. We denounce it as a crime, and are full of wrath if any man accuses us of not hating it, or of believing in its righteousness; and we call upon all the world to help our side in this fight, because slavery is such a wicked thing, and the rebels are fighting for slavery; and yet, we sustain and establish it as a right and privilege of loyal men, we hold it out as an inducement for them to save their loyalty, because thereby they can thus save their slave property; we preserve and guarantee it to them, as a monopoly of merchandise in human flesh, to be owned and managed by loyalists alone, under insurance of perpetual protection by the United States government; and the subjects of such cruelty are persons *set free by the rebellion*, according to the enactments *even of our own Congress*, but now reënslaved by our forces under martial law! Magnificent spectacle of hypocrisy and despotism!—*New York Principia.*

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1863.

EARL RUSSELL AND THE PROCLAMATION.

In another column may be found a brief but noticeable letter, addressed by Earl Russell to Lord Lyons, in January last, respecting the President's Emancipation Proclamation. Exception is taken to the Proclamation—first, that it emancipates no slaves where the authority of the Government is obeyed; second, that it assumes to emancipate them where the Government does not and cannot exercise jurisdiction; third, that it therefore makes slavery at once legal and illegal; fourth, that it seems to be no declaration of a principle adverse to slavery, but only a measure of war, "of a very questionable kind"; and, lastly, that it cannot and ought not to satisfy the friends of abolition, "who look for total and impartial freedom for the slave, and not for vengeance on the slave-owner."

It is certainly very novel, in the way of diplomatic intercourse, to find one high officer of the British government complaining to another,—a resident Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington,—that the President of the United States deals with slavery in the revolted States only as a measure of war, and not on the broadest philanthropic considerations! The country being in a state of war, by what law of nations, or by what example of England through her crimsoned history, is President Lincoln justly amenable to condemnatory criticism for resorting to war measures, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy? And if it is to inflict—wrongfully, of course, is the implication—"vengeance on the slave-owner," by aiming to liberate three-fourths of the slave population, will his fastidious Lordship tell us how to reconcile with it his other statement, that nothing but universal emancipation ought to satisfy the friends of abolition? Would not that, also, be "a measure of war," and to inflict "indiscriminate vengeance"? What is cruel in part must be cruel in the aggregate. If it is a very questionable act to take from those who are in murderous rebellion the slaves they are using in every way to accomplish their nefarious purpose—would it be a less questionable act to liberate the slaves of all loyal masters, *nolens volens*? Such would seem to be the logical conclusion.

Throughout this fearful struggle, the sympathies of Earl Russell have evidently been with the Southern conspirators; consequently, it is not to be expected that any thing will be done by the American Government to please him. His letter to Lord Lyons is an impertinence, not a just and vigorous criticism. So far as the Proclamation declares freedom to the enslaved, he sees in it nothing but a spirit of "vengeance"; yet he begins by sneering at it as utterly impotent, because it applies to a section "where the United States authorities cannot exercise any jurisdiction, nor make emancipation a reality"! Besides, it ought to have gone for "total and impartial freedom," so as to "satisfy the friends of abolition"—i. e., by its increased "vengeance" and extended impotency, we suppose!

It is true, "the Proclamation makes slavery at once legal and illegal"; but the ground for this distinction by the President is, that, being strictly a war measure, it could rightfully apply only to those sections found in rebellion on the first of January. Earl Russell gives no credit to President Lincoln for cautious and considerate action in the premises; he does not care to inquire what are the constitutional obligations and prerogatives of the Government; he would have only loyal slaveholders visited with "vengeance," by wresting from them their slave property, while the traitors in arms ought to be left in possession of their slaves, because it is very shocking to think of subjecting them to any such "vengeance," and because nothing of the kind can be done, if attempted, for lack of power to exercise the necessary jurisdiction! There is neither sound reasoning nor moral consistency in the letter.

We, too, complain of the Proclamation, but in a very different spirit from that evinced by Earl Russell. It ought to have decreed the total and immediate abolition of slavery throughout the country, not merely to "satisfy the friends of abolition," but as a measure necessary for the security of the government, the effectual suppression of the rebellion AND ITS CAUSE, the reconciliation of all conflicting passions and interests on a homogeneous basis, and the consequent unity and perpetuity of the Republic. It was, is, and will continue to be, nothing but SLAVERY in rebellion. The leading traitors are the great body of the slaveholders, with scarcely an exception, and they are traitors avowedly for no other reason except their deadly hostility to free institutions, and their determination to establish an independent slaveholding confederacy for the perpetuity of "the sum of all villanies." Strictly speaking, loyal slaveholders, preferring the preservation of the Union to the continuance of slavery as an alternative, are not to be found; certainly, they are too insignificant in number to be allowed to decide the course of the Government, or to be worthy of a moment's consideration in the settlement of the question. Besides, there is a general willingness at the North to let these exceptional cases be fairly provided for, so as to stop all complaint of unjust treatment; though there is no reason why they should not be called to make sacrifices, on patriotic grounds, as well as Northern citizens, who are expected to be ready to "count nothing dear to them," in comparison with the life of the republic.

Nothing is more delusive than to talk of *Border* slaveholding loyalty. That there is a Union party in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, is unquestionable; yet it is not less certain that it could not control the action of either of those States, for one hour, if the Federal forces now occupying their soil were withdrawn. Their loyalty (?) has been enforced and secured at the point of the bayonet and the mouth of the cannon,—and this, too, with great difficulty, even to this hour. The Confederate forces still occupy portions of all these States, except Maryland, and their expulsion is as yet beyond the power of the Government. We hold that the President was solemnly bound, in the rightful discharge of his official duties, to exempt from the operation of his Proclamation, no State or parts of any State. To leave any portion of the slave system to be protected by the national arm, to spread its baneful influences far and wide, and to demand silence if not approval of the people of the North in regard to its cruel nature and dangerous tendency, is to that extent a betrayal of the Government, and an arrangement for rebellion and civil war at a future day. "Like causes produce like effects." Not a slave must be left in his fetters—not a slaveholder recognized or tolerated on the American soil.

This is not to make the war an emancipation war as the end, but as a means to the end—effectual and indispensable. Nor is it to inflict sorrow, misery and ruin upon the South, like the destruction of property and the slaughter of her people; but, on the contrary, it is a measure of transcendent beneficence and kindness, the results of which will be the developing of the hitherto unexplored natural resources of the South, the quickening and enlargement of all her industrial powers, the renovation of every material and moral interest, the substitution of civilization for barbarism, free schools, a free press, free speech, a vast augmentation of wealth, universal peace and prosperity, blessings that cannot be numbered, the building up of the old waste places, and the raising up of the foundations of many generations!

Let the cry go up, therefore, from all parts of the North—from the great army in the field—from the press and the pulpit—in every public gathering convened to devise methods to sustain the Government and suppress the rebellion—"*No Truce with Slavery! No Union with Slaveholders! Immediate and Universal Emancipation! Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!*"

LABORS OF GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.

We take the liberty of printing the following extract from a private letter received from Mr. Thompson:

"I have just returned from the western part of our island, after having attended three great Anti-Slavery meetings in as many evenings. To-morrow I go to Leicester, one of our county towns, where I expect a numerous assembly, and possibly some opposition to our Resolutions. I shall be accompanied by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, who, in reference to the great American question, is remarkably well-informed, perfectly sound in his views, and full of zeal in the cause of freedom. He grasps the subject in all its bearings, and perceives the issues that depend upon it. He has just written an interesting book. His name will secure for it a considerable circulation, and thus he will be contributing much to the diffusion of correct knowledge, which is all that is needed to bring the great mass of our people to the right side.

"We have abundant reason for the belief that our labors have been of importance. We have silenced the men, who, a few short months ago, were so confident in their utterances on behalf of the South, and in disparagement and abuse of the North. We have compelled the press, generally, to adopt a more moderate and respectful tone, when discussing American affairs, and speaking of the conduct of the Federal Government. We have taught our own Government that they could not with impunity act in contradiction to, and defiance of, the manifested feelings and wishes of the great body of the people. We have caused a number of men in Parliament, who, but for our recent demonstrations, would before this have plunged the House of Commons into injudicious and mischievous discussions on questions of mediation, intervention, and recognition, to keep their tongues still, and respect the known and expressed sentiments of their constituents and the nation at large. We have won over to the cause of justice and freedom multitudes who stood aloof through mere ignorance of the facts of the case. We have put down a host of petty, prating orators, who would, but for our timely interposition, have been industriously propagating all sorts of crude notions and shallow fallacies on a subject which they did not understand. We trust that we have, also, besides vindicating our national reputation, spoken words of encouragement to those on your continent who are heroically battling for the life of the republic, and for the establishment of the principles on which it was founded.

"To come to minor matters. The English papers will give you but a feeble idea of the numerous encounters I am called to have in my various meetings, with disputants of all sorts—ignorant, deluded, rude, insolent, and sometimes brutal, but always ridiculous—who from time to time are foolish enough to show themselves in the assemblies I address. I am often required to intervene between such parties and the indignation of my audiences. As you will believe, such exhibitions never fail to help me, and are frequently a wholesome stimulus when I should otherwise be tame and ineffective. . . . I could almost wish that another Peter Borthwick would arise, and take up the glove which I am constantly throwing down, but which no foeman worthy of my steel will venture to lift. At the great meeting at St. James's Hall, I publicly challenged Commissioner Mason, and if he refused, a certain Dr. Lempriere, who has been lecturing for the Confederates; but there has been no response, and I am therefore constrained to make the most of such insignificant and unaccredited blockheads as will do me the favor to display their own ignorance and folly."

In a letter of a still later date, Mr. Thompson says:

"I am about leaving home, to hold three meetings in Lancashire this week—at Preston, Blackburn, and Bury; after which, I hope to have a few days' rest, preparatory to the great meeting in Liverpool, Birmingham, and elsewhere.

"The meeting to which the enclosed advertisement refers, to be held in St. James's Hall on the 26th, will be a great one. The name of JOHN BRIGHT will attract, and the Trades' Unionists are a very numerous and powerful body, with branches throughout the kingdom. I attach great importance to the demonstration, and have long desired to see it made."

The following is the advertisement for the great meeting referred to by Mr. Thompson:—

☞ A Great Meeting of Trades' Unionists of London will be held at St. James's Hall, on Thursday evening, March 26, for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the Northern States of America, and in favor of Negro Emancipation. John Bright, Esq., M. P., will take the chair precisely at eight o'clock. Admission by ticket only. Body of the hall and galleries free; platform 6d, reserved seats 1s.

THE CHEROKEE LESSON.

Once more, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, has God's praise been perfected. The half-civilized Cherokees have taken a stride far in advance of the political and religious organizations around them, and enacted an immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery. A minority wished to wait until compensation was assured to them from the Government, but it was urged that the war, and the evils generally that had befallen both the Cherokee people and the United States, had sprung from the institution of slavery; and that a measure so indispensable to the public welfare as emancipation ought not to be clogged with any conditions, or left subject to any contingencies. The majority of the National Council took this view of the matter, and voted accordingly.

Before a vote was taken, the opponents of the projected measure tried the force of an objection which is successfully used here, in the mouths of men calling themselves Democrats and Christians, namely, that "free negroes would crowd in." It was replied that the Cherokee nation could afford to do right, and that no other course could secure God's blessing on their national career; and the majority acted promptly in accordance with these suggestions.

What a melancholy contrast to these proceedings is presented by the position of the American Church, as well as of the American nation! Not a single denomination, among the half dozen constituting the popular American Church, has made any movement whatever against slavery. Individual ministers and church-members in (perhaps) as large a proportion as that furnished by the hunker Democrats, have expressed their opinion that the country's welfare requires immediate and vigorous measures in opposition to slavery, but the bodies remain quiescent, and those who "seem to be pillars" among them throw their influence against such action. When they are obliged to speak of emancipation at all, they urge that it should be gradual, not immediate; and they seem to think that impending dangers are to be avoided just in proportion as justice and righteousness are postponed and diluted. The New York *Observer* renews its congratulations to its readers that "such anti-slavery men as Rev. Albert Barnes are now enlightened advocates of a gradual, not an immediate, emancipation scheme." And such direct upholders of slavery and caste as Doctors South-Side Adams and Stow of Boston, and Dr. Lord of Dartmouth College, are still, in the church, accounted true Christians, and reverenced as Christian ministers. The church seems hopelessly corrupt, and the part of true Christians is to testify against her so plainly that she may entrap no more ingenuous souls with the false pretence of helping them to lead Christian lives.—C. K. W.

WENDELL PHILLIPS'S SPEECH ON TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE. Our last page is occupied with this great speech, as revised by the author. It has been delivered in many places, before crowded audiences, exciting intense interest and the highest gratification. Now let it be scattered broadcast. Copies of it may be obtained at the Anti-Slavery Office, 221 Washington Street, on a half sheet, and therefore in a form convenient for distribution. Single copies, 3 cents—by the quantity, 2 cents. We hope to see it copied entire into a multitude of newspapers, that the people may be able to read it.

"ARBITRARY ARRESTS IN THE SOUTH: or, Scenes from the Experience of an Alabama Unionist. By R. S. Tharin, A. M., a native of Charleston, S. C.; for thirty years a resident of the Cotton States, and commonly known in the West as 'the Alabama Refugee.' New York: John Bradburn. 1863." pp. 245.

Mr. Tharin dedicates his book to the "poor white trash" of the South, and to the "mudsills" of the North. Though as firm a defender of slavery as Parson Brownlow himself, he has been driven from the South, like Brownlow, for opposing secession, and driven by means of the same false charge, namely, of being an Abolitionist. His object is to defend the rights of white men only, and to oppose only that "abuse" of slaveholding which extends the exercise of despotic power from the black to the poor white man. For these purposes, he intended to form an association of non-slaveholding whites in Alabama, and to publish a paper there, to be called *The Non-Slaveholder*. It was natural enough that, when these facts leaked out, the dominant class in that secession State should assume him to be an Abolitionist as well as a Unionist, and lay violent hands upon him as such. He seems to have narrowly escaped with his life, and is now separated from his relatives and friends. So far, however, is he from the wisdom that such a lesson might teach, that he still preaches the doctrines of the defunct Bell-Everett party, and denounces Abolitionism and Secessionism as the two worst enemies and greatest dangers of the country. Seeing clearly enough that the despotic character and arbitrary customs of the slaveholders have brought our present troubles upon the country, he wishes to interfere with these just so far as they injure poor white men, and no further. He proposes to prune the Upas instead of uprooting it; to burn the barrel of gunpowder half way down, and then protect the remainder. He hates equally Jeff. Davis's Secession Ordinance and President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. And he has now in press another book, probably designed to teach the same lessons, entitled "Results of my Southern and Northern Experience." He talks strongly about rights, and justice, and the sacredness of law, as people in the minority are apt to do; but it is plain from his book that he would not only be glad, whenever rich enough, to hold slaves himself, but that he would, in that case, use the same brutal violence against any helper of the negro, which has been used against him by his fellow-Southrons for efforts in behalf of the poor white man.—C. K. W.

THE WORK TO BE DONE.

Extract of a letter from a Massachusetts army chaplain, under date of Newbern, N. C., March 22, 1863:—

"Each day only strengthens the impressions I inadequately expressed in my note, and confirms my new faith. I cannot resist the logic of facts seen by my own eyes. Perhaps I am too easily impressible, or *possibly* those whom I find of contrary views voluntarily shut their eyes, and will not be convinced.

I find a great deal of (if not pro-slavery, at least) anti-negro sentiment in the army. A large part of this is the relics of the conventional prejudice against the colored race which prevails at the North. Part of it arises from judging the negroes by a false standard. If we attempt to apply the rule of New England morality to the negroes, who are as much heathen as are the natives of the Sandwich Islands, of course they will be found wanting. But when we think of the circumstances under which they have been raised, we cannot wonder at their condition. Herded and worked like cattle, (their regular formula is—"Massa had so many *head* of darkies,") denied all the sanctities of marriage, kept in total ignorance, governed through their fears, bought and sold, beaten and bruised at will,—no wonder that they are unloving, suspicious, treacherous, impure, passionate, degraded. We propound a stubborn and knotty question when we ask,—'What shall be done with the negro?' It won't do to theorize and rhapsodize; we've got to roll up our sleeves and go to work. There must be nothing sentimental or romantic. They, the freedmen, are not angels, they are not even civilized men. We cannot make intelligent citizens of them this year, nor in a dozen years. We must begin at the root. We must deal with them as children in intellect, but men in instincts and passions. He that would deal with them must have a most elastic patience, a most rigid self-denial, and a most unflinching zeal. He must be willing to labor without gathering the harvest; he must be willing to be deceived, to have his best endeavors suspected, to have his modesty shocked, and to endure every conceivable form of annoyance and disappointment. In a word, he must be a *missionary* of the genuine pattern. Such a man, with a heart full of love to God and to his fellow-man, will succeed, and will find, among all the dross and filth, pure gold.

"It is useless, it is folly to disguise the difficulties, or to throw a false halo of romance about the negro. It is the highest proof of a genuine sympathy and interest, to admit all the disagreeable features of the work, to realize all the difficulties, and *still to go on*. Efforts are now making to systematize what is done for the colored men in this military Department. A Superintendent has been appointed, who is the general head. He has men from the different regiments under him, who take charge of gangs of two or three hundred, overseeing them in their work for the government, and controlling them. Of the practical working of this system, I know very little. It is my intention, as soon as I find opportunity, to become thoroughly acquainted with it, and will let you know what my judgment of it is.

"In reference to the arming of the blacks and bringing them into the war, I am sincerely in favor of the movement. Those of the North enjoy the same privileges as the white population does. They ought to help sustain those privileges. I am glad of the institution of a colored regiment in Massachusetts. . . . The arming of the freedmen must depend upon local circumstances, in my opinion. In some places, it would be feasible and of use, in others it would not.

"I have written you just what I think. You may take a different view, and see more rosy tints than I do. You will give me credit for candor, and believe, I hope, that I am sincerely interested in the cause of the freedmen. I have said nothing of slavery; I know not what to say. 'Sum of all villanies' is too mild a name. I have talked with the freedmen, and used every means to detect falsehood, if there was any, in what they tell me, and have been forced to believe what I always half-doubted before. If I live to come North again, I will 'speak that which I do know, and testify that which I have seen.'"

RESOLVES CONCERNING MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIERS. In the House of Representatives on Friday afternoon, Mr. Hopkins, of Northampton, offered the following resolves, which, under a suspension of the rules, and after a count, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That Massachusetts bears in her heart those of her loyal citizens who have gone forth to defend the Constitution and the laws, and to establish the integrity of our national government; that she views with satisfaction and pride their steadfast loyalty and their gallant achievements; that she will continue to encourage and sustain them to the full extent of her power, and will send such reinforcements to their aid as the national authorities shall from time to time demand; that never has her determination to support the government, or her assurance of final success, been stronger than to-day; as she was with the first to enter, so will she be the last to leave the field until every armed traitor has disappeared from the land.

Resolved, That his Excellency the Governor be requested to forward copies of these resolves to the commanders of Massachusetts regiments in the field, with the request that they be communicated to their respective commands.

Why is it that the Legislature has not yet taken any action upon the President's Emancipation Proclamation? It ought to have done so at the earliest moment on coming together in January.

LOUIS NAPOLEON FLANKED.

Louis Napoleon has been flanked. The popular will of Great Britain is expressed so plainly, that the English aristocrats are cowed. The attitude of the Prussian people also, is anything but pleasant to Lordism and Kingcraft. They begin to show that free Prussia is to lead the German Confederacy. Napoleon makes a virtue of necessity, and, being now powerless in the face of British Anti Slavery to establish a kingdom in the Southern States of North America, he retires gracefully, and with much *French humanity*, by telling his allies that he must take care of himself, and they must give up their slaves, and get paid for them if they can; but if they do not do the handsome thing, and allow him to make the best of their forlorn condition, then he will unite England, Russia and Europe against them, and shut them out from all privileges whatever.

It is understood that such was the proposal made to the French Cabinet within a few weeks, and since the intended resignation of M. Drouyn de l'Huys. It remains to be seen how he will get out of his Mexican breeches, which are so inconveniently and painfully tight, that many men feel assured that if he "stoops to conquer," there will be a fearful rent. This attempt to be singularly humane, directly after the kidnapping of the Egyptian colored soldiers to serve in the most unhealthy portion (*la tierra caliente*) of Mexico, does not look much like a lamb under a sheep's skin, but it does look very much like a wolf under a fox's skin. Having patience to wait a few months, greater developments will be presented, still further unmasking aristocratic intrigues and damnable conspiracies.

In the face of all these events, it is difficult to find a truth more superficial and apparent, than that it is for the highest interest of the United States to arm all the colored people, and to give them, by an act, a certain fee simple of land sufficient for each family's support: they then would have something to live and fight for. Until this is done, there is no permanent security here.

You may observe, that Napoleon uses the same method of flattery to the British people, that the fox did to the crow who had some cheese in its beak. He sits at the foot of the tree, and tells corvus what a beautiful white plumage he has; and this is jesuitically calculated to lull suspicion and drug national pride. No one doubts that he is an able man, and M. Drouyn de l'Huys a yet more able minister; yet, so far as interfering to conquer and possess the soil of an unoffending people in Mexico, both have committed a political misdemeanor, which unites to concentrate the jealousy, distrust, and condemnation of the people of every civilized nation. The Emperor has known and is making bows to a power which looms up to his practised vision, of growing gigantic dimensions and strength. Whether he will or not, when it has prepared its bed, it will occupy the same, thanking God alone for the mercy of rest. IN THE MEAN TIME, HE IS CONTINUED; but if he will take good counsel from the voice of many waters and mighty thunders, then he will do a wise thing, by developing the creating capacity of France to feed its multitudes, and shortening the distances and expense of reaching the great regions for grain and fruits; and thus prepare and open paths for the escape of hungry and rebellious stomachs.

No colonization by force is needed, either on the broad prairies of North America, or the pampas of the South. It only requires an absence of an inordinate lust for power and wealth at home, which will permit the French conscripts the privilege of bettering their condition, by sending them abroad; and that might be done in communities, if desired.

It will be a hard matter to convince reasoners that he is benefitting the French people, and laying a basis for their freedom, by deporting them to the hot lands of Mexico; for with what consistency can a French soldier, who has helped to free Italy, overrun Mexico!

When Prussia, Germany and Italy have spoken, it is not impossible that France also may be heard.

CARBON.

☞ We have received the CONTINENTAL MONTHLY for April, which presents the following table of contents:—The Wonders of Words; The Check; Pictures from the North; The New Rasselas; The Chained River, by Charles Godfrey Leland; How the War affects Americans, by Hon. F. P. Stanton; Promoted; Henrietta and Vulcan, by Delia D. Colton; Ethel, by Martha Walker Cook; The Skeptics of the Waverly Novels, by Charles Godfrey Leland; A Merchant's Story, by Edmund Kirke; A Chapter on Wonders, by Perth Granton; The Return, by Edward Sprague Rand, Jr.; The Union, by Hon. R. J. Walker; Down in Tennessee; Poetry and Poetical Selections; Flag of our Sires, by Hon. R. J. Walker; A Fancy Sketch; Our Present Position—its Dangers and its Duties; the Complaining Bore; Literary Notices; Editors' Table. For sale by all booksellers.

A NATIONAL FAST. The President, in compliance with the request of the Senate, has designated Thursday, the 30th of April, as a day of National humiliation, fasting and prayer, and concludes his proclamation as follows:—

"Let us, then, rest humbly in the hope authorized by the divine teaching, that the united cry of the nation will be heard on high and answered with blessings no less than the pardon of our national sins, and the restoration of our divided and suffering country to its former happy condition of unity and peace."

What! Divine pardon and blessing solicited, when nearly a million of slaves are exempted from liberation by the President's Proclamation!

METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE. Copperhead treason, though rampant in the New Jersey Legislature, finds no favor in the Methodist Church of that State. The General Conference on Tuesday last, by a vote of 102 to *one*, passed resolutions denouncing the utter wickedness of the Rebellion; affirming the paramount duty of sustaining the Government at all hazards; the propriety of suspending at this critical period all embittered controversy as to measures; accusing slavery of being the prime cause of the war, and sympathizing with the President and heads of Departments "in this trying condition of our national affairs, and that nothing within our power to render for the support of the Administration, and the most vigorous prosecution of the war for the conquest and subjugation of the Rebellion, shall be withheld."

ARKANSAS PLANTERS AND THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION. A delegation of planters from Arkansas, claiming to be loyal, waited upon the President with the request that the operation of the Emancipation Proclamation be suspended in a portion of that State. The request was courteously but firmly declined by the President, who reminded the petitioners that Peter once made strong protestations of fidelity to the Lord, but afterward annulled them by thrice denying Him whom he had chosen to serve, and added that in this he did not wish to imitate Peter.

SELLING MASSACHUSETTS COLORED BOYS INTO SLAVERY. We stated a few days since, that two colored boys, Charles L. Ames, of Dedham, servant of Col. Burrell of the Mass. 42d, and Charles Jackson, of West Roxbury, servant to Dr. Cummings of the same regiment, had been sold into slavery by the Texas rebels, after the capture of a portion of that regiment at Galveston. The *Norfolk County Journal* says that the mother of one of the lads was in Roxbury last week, and is suffering untold anguish in view of the fate which has befallen her child.

THE COLORED REGIMENT. There are now four full companies in the colored regiment, at Readville. The men are improving rapidly in drill, and the officers are confident that it will be an excellent regiment.

About fifty soldiers, recruited in Albany and Western New York, arrived in Boston on Friday of last week, *en route* for the camp of the 54th (colored) Regiment at Readville. They were recruited by Frederick Douglass, by whom they were accompanied.

THE CONNECTICUT AND SHENANDOAH.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

CHAPTER VII.

A NEW ENGLAND SLAVEHOLDER.

The greater the elevation, the deeper the descent in falling, is proverbial. The philosophy of this axiom, as applied to inner life, seems to be found in the circumstance that those intense susceptibi ities, which, when allied with the higher powers, render every point of elevation accessible, are receptive of the lower influences to the same extent, if brought once under their sway. With this, of course, the condition that we call *temperament* has much to do; and this matter of temperament depends on generated properties of being, acted upon by climate and culture. Do I thus divest the individual of moral accountability? By no means. The *free-will*, and consequent accountability, lie in choosing the influences that shall direct these subtle powers. Once in every earth-life the crisis-call is given. *Blessed!* if the irrevocable answer be—"Get thee hence, Satan! It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." *Blessed!* for, as the devils crouch back into their native darkness, the gates of light are opened, by ministering angels, upon the soul.

Does it seem as if the balance of distribution were held out of poise, in that one temperament is so much more susceptible than another? Regard it thus: the value of the conquest is just in proportion to the power of the temptation, and a corresponding increase of spiritual force is the compensation. No doubt the Holiest, had he chosen the path of selfishness, temporary elevation which beckoned and called to him, would have become the absolute extreme of what he was. A holy *Will* inspired a finely executive temperament. Did the merit lie in the temperament, or the Will? In the Will, answers the less successful, and therefore answers *everybody*. Had a rebellious Will directed the same, would then the *fault* have been in the temperament? The same answer must follow.

But, says some one, how is it that repentance succeeds repentance, and lapse and return follow each other again and again, if there is *one* period of choice, only, in a life-time? That one choice determines the direction, the tone or *key-note* of the whole after life, although some of the details of action may not harmonise with it. We are habitants of fleshly dwellings that lack, miserably, oftentimes, harmony and proportion; to bring these into fitness and beauty by courageous, energetic *inward* harmonies, is a duty we owe the inward and essential, which is so vitally acted upon while it acts; but this cannot be effected by *one* effort of the Will, however heroic and righteous. If this perfectness is the *persistent aim*, the key-note is true, although there may be occasional jars in the measure.

Do we forsake and doom a cherished friend for *one* error? All that is tender and noble and just in us says no! Seven times the gifted and graceful Magdalen repeated her offence; yet the Sinless One saw that was not the *tone* of her being, and loved and lifted until she stood firm. The "beloved disciple" was selfish and passionate as a boy, yet the Master folded him to his bosom, because he caught the latent music of the key-note of a life in harmony with his own. Peter, certainly, was not selected as the corner-stone of Christianity because he *was* wayward and impetuous; nor did that one, terrible denial change the opinion of his all-comprehending friend. Sad was the Divine One, indeed—grieved to the depths of his tender humanity—but not for a moment unforgiving; for "Peter went out, and wept bitterly."

Dear reader, do you feel inclined to chide me for this prosy preamble? Lay it down, then, I pray you—another may not. I must write what I think and feel—what my versatile theme suggests to a versatile mind; then, although everybody may not be pleased with everything I say, everybody is likely to accept something I say.

Edward Herman chose, freely, at the crisis hour. He gave his susceptible temperament to the direction, not of the sweet will of Kate Kent, but of all unrighteousness. Might she not have helped, perhaps saved him, had she been strong enough for the effort in his chosen destiny? Kate Kent knew, for she had seen, what the life of a slaveholder is. Born and reared in freedom, her soul had been reborn into its blessed health and immortality by an irksome visit of half a year on the plantation of a relative in Louisiana. She knew what her own position necessarily must be—a position from which every woman of delicacy, self-respect, and holy affection, instinctively recoils. Had her Edward chosen to become a missionary on Southern soil, at whatever peril of health and life, amid whatever repulsive and heart-rending scenes, she would have clung to his side, sharing toil and danger with a heroic heart. But this—she could *die* better; and she *did* die in her fondness and faithfulness. One more form of martyrdom exacted of innocence and truth, at this remote distance, by the poisonous and poisoning "system."

The Herman plantation, as we shall hereafter call it, had been for several generations celebrated for the beauty of its slave-women. Prominent among these, at the time of Mr. Berkeley's decease, was an octoroon girl of eighteen, whom that gentleman had shielded, thus far, from the doom that so often sacrifices its victim in the very dawn of womanhood. Bleached by the best blood of Virginia, in a direct line through generations; endowed, unmistakably, with Berkeley gifts and graces, and stamped with Berkeley lineaments, the father had determined, in his pride and affection for Adela, to give her an education which would qualify her to act as governess in the families of his legitimate children, and, in due time, enfranchise her. This last gift, or, rather, *just payment of debt*, was deferred until the marriage of some one of his acknowledged family should create the position she was to fill, through apprehension that, when free, she would take her destiny into her own hands, and he should lose sight of a daughter he doted on sacrilegiously, yet dared not harm. Her existence was scarcely known to his family, up to this time, owing to his sensitive, jealous watchfulness of her. His death was sudden, leaving no moment for consideration of or provision for the future of Adela.

There is no doubt the grace and beauty of the octoroon girl had much to do with the hasty decision of Edward Herman for his Southern investment. Too late, the Rev. Frederic Berkeley saw the danger to which he had unwittingly exposed the accomplished and lovely young woman; but with Southern bias on the side of slavery, he reasoned, plausibly, that she might have fallen into worse hands than those of a New Englander! Counselled his brother-in-law to free and send her North—he would himself assume the pecuniary obligations, studiously guarded his sensitive wife from a knowledge of facts as they really were; then, convinced he had done all in his power for the hapless girl, so nearly allied to him by blood, gave one sigh of regret at the unfortunate *necessity*, and turned to minister, devoutly, at God's altar! To direct the lives and inspire the worship of immortal souls! To break the bread of communion and pour the wine of sacrifice in memory of Him who lived and died for *all*, but especially for the friendless and oppressed!

And Adela *loved* the fair, fascinating Northman—O, how she loved him! She believed his promises of marriage; for she thought, as so many of the enslaved have vainly thought, that New England was the friend of the down-trodden and wronged, every where. Adela loved Edward Herman, as those who have few to love dote on *one*. She loved, and trusted, and surrendered all. The struggle was great—the doom, or voluntary death, inevitable—she loved and believed, and so did not prefer death. And thus, while under the influence of this all-controlling sentiment, one sweet life was fading into the morning twilight of eternity in the Valley of the Connecticut, another lamp of being was lighting for time, under the same influence, just outside the eastern wall of the Valley of the Shenandoah. How that absorbed, brooding affection, reproduced lineament and coloring of what it doted on! The beautiful, blue-eyed babe bore no physical sign of slavery, sin, or even a Southern clime. Hearts have the same hue throughout humanity, and that was all the mother gave of herself. "Another Adela!" exclaimed the enraptured parent, when the dreadful trial-hour was passed—and he promised freedom and fatherhood.

But faithlessness at the commencement of such a career was not likely to be followed by faithfulness, for that career was death-tainted from the outset. With all the fearful acceleration which circumstances gave the natural velocity of that headlong temperament, it wheeled downward, as a comet wheels from the clear night-heaven of the North into the shrouding mists and vapors of a stormy Southern sky. Every unholy passion grew to tyrant proportions in its unrestrained indulgence, until those who had loved, no less than those who feared, hailed with joy that summons which seemed to set them free, so great was the release, even while yet brute bondmen and bondwomen. Two other children were born of the same parentage, on both sides, with the blue-eyed Adela; but they were the offspring of a later period, when evil predominated in the father's soul, and had little of her ideal beauty and rare endowment. The seal of servitude was too obvious, although far from the ordinary level of their caste—Harry and Huldah were twins.

The education of Adela lacked system, yet was by no means neglected, her mother being quite competent to direct it; besides which, the frequent visits of Hugh Berkeley, during his school holidays, helped to give practical vigor and directness, no less to her habit of mind than to her attainments. The boy was never happier than when the beautiful child, two years his junior, bent over the same books or joined in the same games with him. His mother encouraged these visits, as a part of the knowledge, from observation, which was to establish him for ever among the champions of freedom, as she trusted. They had their effect on both, for time, for eternity.

It was a sad hour for Adela when Hugh came to the plantation to inform her that he was going to Massachusetts, to finish his education at Harvard University, Cambridge. But he also told her, as he kissed, at parting, the blushing, tear-wet cheek of sixteen, that "Uncle Edward had promised him, on his honor," as he knelt before the ruined man and pleaded for the boon, that she should be freed and sent North as soon as she was eighteen. "If he does n't keep this promise, Adela," said the youth, with a determined emphasis of voice and manner, "I will come and take you *myself*, as soon as I am twenty-one." The cousins next met, when the choir and the candidate mutually performed the Whitsunday service recorded in our first chapter.

The same promise had been made, by her deeply-sinning brother, to the dying Mrs. Berkeley, respecting Adela. Neither had any weight with the lost man, for New-England cupidity had swallowed up every other characteristic of the land of his birth and culture. It was immediately upon the departure of his mother that Hugh was matriculated at Cambridge; his father left, soon after, for a protracted tour of Europe and the Holy Land. Thus every external security for the two Adelas, mother and daughter, was removed, near the period of their greatest peril and need. Letters sometimes passed between Hugh and Adela, but, for some reason or other, the long intervals were made longer by delays in transporting, and often they failed, entirely, to reach their destination. "He has other occupation for his thoughts than the *slave-girl*," she would say, very sadly, but so secretly that even her mother did not hear.

Ah, how knotted and linked are the powers of evil! Admit one, freely, and how shall you exclude the rest? Licentiousness and its lavish wastes soon exhaust the most abundant resource, and the soul's worst madness follows the realization of emptiness thus produced. Enough of sleepless terrors and wasting anxieties had the elder Adela known for two years, in shielding her beautiful first-born from the despot passions of a *father!* Successful, thus far, she had been, but the end was not yet. Baffled at every point, the direst malice possessed the demonized one. The deadly threat, hissed behind his shut teeth, was not wholly crushed to the mother's ear.

Among the somewhat importunate creditors of the ruined Herman was a Mr. Belmaine, from one of the counties on the Appomattox. In his calls of business, he had chanced to see the youthful Adela. From that time, his demands upon his debtor were unceasing and exorbitant, yet he hesitated not to affirm, that a bill of sale of that lovely, innocent girl should cancel all obligations. The proposition was at first indignantly repelled by the father, although not from parental instinct; then the diabolic scheme entered his mind, that she should first minister to his unnatural desires, then to his pecuniary needs. Thwarted in the former, at every turn, by the ubiquitous guardianship of the mother, the latter was determined upon with frensied energy of purpose. The terms of the bargain, and the arrangements for getting possession of the unfortunate girl without any outbreak, were overheard by the mother—it matters not how. The occasion of Christmas festivities on the plantation was to be improved for the accomplishment of this nameless outrage. It lacked ten days of the time when the scheme was thus matured and agreed upon.

As I turn to commit to the more ample space of another chapter the details of this Christmas week, I beg leave to assure the reader that the distasteful events, indicated rather than described, in this, are not fiction or exaggeration, but the wo-fraught spirit of hideous fact.

My province is not to treat of whipping-posts, lashes and bloodhounds; these have been shown to the public on pages glowing with genius and blistered with tears; but of those yet more poignant experiences which come of slavery's more intimate relations with civilization—the inward wounds and suffering, which no ingenious balsam, from any human hand, can heal or assuage. Fortunate shall I esteem myself, if one heart is stirred to deeper throbbings for the ills, and a more burning, righteous indignation for their *cause;* trebly fortunate, if one manly or womanly will is nerved to an inflexible purpose, that hearts and homes, lives and a land, shall be thus blighted and desecrated no more.

THE COPPERHEAD RIOT AT DETROIT.

PONTIAC, Mich., March 23, 1863.

MR. GARRISON:—In the *Liberator* of the 13th inst. you have quoted an account of the late copperhead riot in Detroit, from the *Free Press* of that city, which may lead your readers to erroneous conclusions in regard to that disgraceful affair.

In the first instance, let me state what my means of information are about it, so that my statements may be taken for what they are worth, and no more. Pontiac is twenty-five miles from Detroit, by rail. The morning and evening papers of the latter city are read here about an hour after publication. I read the Republican paper every day, and the *Free Press* occasionally. I was not present at the riot, but have had letters from friends who were there, and have seen others who were present. I have been acquainted in Detroit for the last thirty-three years, having lived there a long time—the greater portion of my family having been born there.

In addition to this, I have seen the published account of the evidence given before the coroner's court upon the body of the German, Langer, and, also, that of the colored man, Boyd. These are my means of information. I will now go on to state what I believe to be the wrong impressions which the article you have quoted tends to convey.

In the first place, it speaks of the prisoner, Faulkner, as "*a negro.*" Faulkner was *not* a negro, but a democratic negro-hater! He would not permit a negro to enter his saloon. He was not only a negro-hater, but a democratic voter of the true copperhead variety, whose name had been registered in the ward in which he resided for several years. After I inform you that democrats formed the Constitution of this State, I need not say that the fact of his being a *voter* is proof positive that he was not a negro. He claimed to be a South-American Spaniard, and probably had Indian blood in his veins.

Speaking of the death of Langer, the *Free Press* says:—

"But he (Faulkner) was got into the prison enclosure unharmed, without a single sacrifice. All would have been well, and the mob would have soon dispersed, had it not been for a wanton and malicious act of certain members of the provost guard toward the exasperated citizens. Without orders from any reliable authority, a number of random shots were fired promiscuously into the crowd, several of them taking effect, and one man, Charles Langer, being instantly killed—shot through the heart. . . . The sight of the bleeding corpse of the dead man, and the groans of half a dozen more who were wounded, kindled anew the flames of insubordination and frenzy."

Now let me examine this. According to the testimony given at the coroner's inquest, it is true that several of the soldiers fired without orders either from the Sheriff or from the officer in command. This is to be regretted very much. But if the *Free Press* means, as it undoubtedly does, when it says the act was "*wanton and malicious,*" that the soldiers fired into the crowd without provocation, I can only say it is speaking in its usual manner—totally disregarding facts. According to the testimony, the mob pelted them with stones, clubs and brickbats from the City Hall to the jail, a distance of, probably, half a mile; and while standing before the jail, at the time Langer was shot, they were attacked from a blacksmith shop in the vicinity, not only with stones, but *firearms!* Neither is it true that "the groans of half a dozen more wounded" helped to exasperate the mob. None were hurt in the crowd but Langer. On the contrary, several soldiers were hurt; one, being struck in the head with a stone, had to be carried into the jail-yard, bleeding!

The *Free Press* next tries to convey the idea that the mob were again "exasperated" by finding the "negroes" armed in the cooper shop which was so barbarously attacked and destroyed. I will not say positively there is no truth in this, but we have no other authority for it than the word of that paper.

The damnable scenes which followed have not been too vividly painted by the *Free Press*, but when it goes on to say that "no force in Detroit would be sufficiently powerful to quell the riot," it utters a palpable falsehood. The fact is that neither the Mayor of the city, nor any of the Aldermen, nor the police, nor the Sheriff of the county, nor the Chief of the fire department, *tried* to arrest the mob or to extinguish the flames! After the prisoner was lodged in jail, and the provost guard discharged, *not a voice nor hand was raised by any of the constituted authorities to restore order, or preserve life or property!* On the contrary, though present, individually, in the crowd, they turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of citizens to interpose their authority. Champ, the Chief of the fire department, when appealed to to play on the burning house of a black man, said he would try and preserve the dwellings of whites, but could do no more. *The mob was not large*, and was composed, as the *Free Press* said, a day or two subsequently, "*of boys of from ten to eighteen years of age.*" These are facts; the authorities of the city could have prevented any outrage, *had they desired to do so.* But they were democrats!

In making this sweeping accusation against the police of the city, I have not forgotten, nor do I mean to forget, the gallant Chief of Police, the chivalrous DENNIS K. SULLIVAN. All through the riot, this heroic Irishman braved alike the jeers of his comrades, the threats of the mob, and the silent, cowardly presence of thousands who, instead of encouragement, only threw cold water upon his exertions to restore order!

The act of this man alone gives the lie to the acting Mayor and his Copperhead organ, the Detroit *Free Press*, that there was not force enough in the city to quell the riot; for, when the mob made a rush for the African Methodist Episcopal Church, crying in their frenzy, "Down with the nigger church! death to Abolitionists!" Dennis K. Sullivan, solitary and alone, took his stand upon the porch of that hell-doomed building, pistol in hand, and warned the infuriated devils before him that the first man who put hand or foot upon it must die. *They knew the man—they heeded the warning—the building was saved!*

I am afraid I am crowding too much upon your columns; yet I cannot close without saying what all here and in Detroit know to be true, viz: that the outrage of this man upon this girl was not the cause, only the occasion, of the riot. The *Free Press* has been engaged, ever since the rebellion broke out, to excite the depraved and ignorant to the commission of just such an act! The war has been denounced by this vile sheet as "*an Abolition jig*"—"*a nigger war*"—and "a war to put negroes above foreigners," inasmuch as the U. S. Attorney General had decided that they were citizens; and, hence, this Copperhead organ truly argued, were "legally eligible to be elected Presidents of the United States," from which office foreigners were constitutionally debarred. No means have been untried by this paper to inflame and foster a prejudice against this truly peaceful people.

When a draft was ordered, the people were told their friends would have to be exposed to hardships and death "*for niggers*"—and when it was proposed, in Congress, to raise regiments of colored troops, the rabble were again assured that the *Abolitionists* intended to put "*nigger* officers" over them. The local columns of this sheet have never failed to slander and villify this oppressed race; and when, very often in self-defence, one of them has been engaged in a row of any kind, it has invariably been proclaimed by immense sensation capitals, in the *Free Press*, "A DISGRACEFUL NIGGER RIOT!"

That all this has been done to create an opposition to the Government and the war, no one here doubts. And the rabble are acting up to their instructions. Eye and ear witnesses say that all through that terrible night, the cry was, "Death to niggers and Abolitionists!" "After we get the niggers cleaned out, we will attend to the Abolitionists!" &c.

The *Free Press* knew all the time, from the commission of Faulkner's crime (if he committed any) to the instant of his sentence, that *he was not a negro;* and yet it howled twice a day, all that time, about this "nigger outrage upon an orphan child"! I say it *knew* he was not a negro; and my proof is, that one of its editors was his attorney, and now says, (so I am informed,) that he thinks him innocent!

Yours, respectfully,

EDW. M. MACGRAW.

INQUIRY RESPECTING THE TARIFF.

MR. GARRISON:

DEAR SIR—In a speech of George Thompson, which appeared in the *Liberator* of Feb. 27th, Mr. Thompson is represented as saying that the tariff had no existence in the list of grievances put forth by the rebels, and that there never was a tariff *for* which a majority of the Southern representatives did not vote, and *against* which a majority of the Northern representatives did not vote. I should be glad to learn through the *Liberator*, whether Mr. Thompson is not mistaken in each of these statements. I have no doubt but it was for unlimited liberty to enslave negroes that the South rebelled, but I have always understood that they *have* been the advocates for free trade, in opposition to "protection," so called, while the North, or chiefly the Eastern States, have gone for high tariffs, under the pretence of promoting home manufactures, but really for the same reason that slaveholders hold on to slavery, that is, robbing the bulk of the people for the benefit of a favored, selfish and dishonest class.

Yours, truly, GEO. SUNTER.

Brantford, Canada West, March 11th, 1863.

REPLY. Mr. Thompson is substantially correct in his statement. Up to the time of secession, the South had always determined the policy of the Government; and whether it was a bank or a tariff, peace or war, nothing succeeded against her resolute purpose. But on the tariff she was not a unit, but divided like the North. All her "free" professions have been cant and hypocrisy.

EARL RUSSELL TO LORD LYONS.

On January 17, 1863, Earl Russell addressed the following letter to Lord Lyons respecting the President's Emancipation Proclamation:—

"MY LORD,—The Proclamation of the President of the United States, inclosed in your Lordship's dispatch of the 2d inst., appears to be of a very strange nature.

It professes to emancipate all slaves in places where the United States authorities cannot exercise any jurisdiction, nor make emancipation a reality; but it does not decree emancipation to slaves in any States or parts of States occupied by Federal troops, and subject to United States jurisdiction, and where, therefore, emancipation, if decreed, might have been carried into effect.

It would seem to follow that, in the Border States, and also in New Orleans, a slave-owner may recover his fugitive slave by the ordinary process of law, but that in the ten States in which the Proclamation decrees emancipation, a fugitive slave arrested by legal warrant may resist, and his resistance, if successful, is to be upheld and aided by the United States authorities and the United States armed forces.

The Proclamation, therefore, makes slavery at once legal and illegal, and makes slaves either punishable for running away from their masters, or entitled to be supported and encouraged in so doing, according to the locality of the plantation to which they belong, and the loyalty of the State in which they may happen to be.

There seems to be no declaration of a principle adverse to slavery in this Proclamation. It is a measure of war, and a measure of war of a very questionable kind.

As President Lincoln has twice appealed to the judgment of mankind in his Proclamation, I venture to say I do not think it can or ought to satisfy the friends of abolition, who look for total and impartial freedom for the slave, and not for vengeance on the slave-owner. I am, &c., RUSSELL."

MATTERS IN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

Editors of the Boston Traveller:

On taking up a copy of the New York *Evening Post* of the 19th inst., I find accredited to your columns an extract from a business letter of Major General N. P. Banks, one paragraph of which is as follows:—

"I notice in the papers of the North, that a report that certain regiments, or detachments, of soldiers of my command, have been ordered or permitted to return to their masters, against their will, to stand guard over and to flog the slaves in this department. It gives me pleasure to be able to say that it is without foundation or justification. In fact, in statement and in implication, it is utterly and infamously false."

I am sorry the General does not, with the usual caution of politicians, leave room in his statement for possible facts that might not have come to his knowledge.

I *know* one which I have several times stated to friends in the North since I left the Department of the Gulf, but which I always coupled with the allegation that in my opinion it had never come to the knowledge of the General Commanding that Department. It is true and will be believed, therefore, General Banks's letter to the contrary notwithstanding; and to relieve him from any suspicion of having wilfully misrepresented facts in the history of his Department, and also to notify him of specific acts for their "appropriate censure," to use his own phrase, if they be censurable at all, I make the following statements:—

On New Year's day last, Major Harry Robinson, A. A. Q. M. of the Department of the Gulf, and myself, were in the tent of Col. Benedict of the 162d N. Y. volunteers, at Camp Parapet—seven or eight miles above Gen. Banks's headquarters. During our stay, that officer, of his own motion, and as a matter of interest, read to us a letter from a planter above the camp, in substance as follows:—

"DEAR COL.,—Inasmuch as, in our conversation a few days ago, you volunteered to send me some men to aid me in controlling my negroes, about the time they expect to be freed by the action of the President's Proclamation, should I need any assistance, and because I anticipate trouble with them to-day, I will be obliged to you if you will send me some men for that purpose."

I do not remember the planter's name, but I *do* remember these facts: 1st, That the Colonel said he would send the men; 2d, That among us we discussed the question, whether the sending of them would or would not be a violation of the "Additional Article of War" and other statutes enacted by the last Congress; and 3d, That when, three or four days after I met the Colonel, he told me he *did* send the men, (half a company I think,) and that they *did* perform such duty.

As to all this statement, except the last item, Major Harry Robinson, still in the Department of the Gulf, is a competent witness.

I have also stated, and with the same qualification, what, though I did not see it myself, I have upon "the next best evidence," as the lawyers say. The Chaplain of a regiment ought, in the nature of society, to be the most credible witness in it.

The Chaplain of the 15th N. H. Volunteers stated to me and to others, and I to others still, on his authority, that a detachment of that Regiment, on the order of the Provost Marshal of Carrollton, six miles above Gen. Banks's Headquarters, did, with their own hands, "flog slaves."

Because, possibly upon these statements was based, in part, the "rumor" of which Gen. Banks takes notice in his letter—because the facts still remain, notwithstanding his disclaimer—and because an unpleasant question of veracity is raised between the parties who make these statements and Gen. Banks, which is dispelled by his full statement of the case, I take the liberty of addressing you this note.

No umbrage is taken at Gen. Banks's allegation that the rumor "is in fact, in statement, and in implication utterly and infamously false," for I know he would not say of Major Robinson, or of Rev. E. M. Wheelock, of Dover, N. H., the Chaplain alluded to, that they would circulate an "utter and infamous falsehood," nor do I believe he would say the like of me.

I only repeat my regret, therefore, that from oversight, I doubt not, he has no saving clause for us.

Hoping as proud laurels as fall to the lot of any patriot may yet additionally adorn the brow of General Banks, and that this note may be credited to good intentions,

I am, sir, yours very truly,

J. K. HERBERT,
Captain, A. A. G. Volunteers.

Revere House, Boston, March 23, 1863.

THE NEGRO SOLDIERS.

The more I see of our colored regiments, and the more I converse with our soldiers, the more convinced I am that upon them we must ultimately rely as the principal source of our strength in these latitudes. It is perfect nonsense for any one to attempt to talk away the broad fact, evident as the sun at noonday, that these men are capable not only of making good soldiers, but the very best of soldiers. The third Louisiana Native Guard, Col. Nelson, are encamped here, and a more orderly, disciplined, robust and effective set of men I defy any one to produce.

An old European officer—one who has followed the profession of arms from his very boyhood—said to me to day: "In one essential respect, sir, I believe that, in a short time, these colored soldiers will surpass any we have in our army—I mean in subordination, without which no army can be effective. We are in the habit of carrying our citizenship with us into the field; and that begets an amount of undue familiarity between officers and men that is often destructive of obedience. Toward the black man we feel none of these delicate sentiments of equality; and he, on his part, has always been accustomed to be commanded. Beside this, he is acclimated; knows the country thoroughly, and if called upon to fight, will fight in earnest; for he knows that if taken prisoner he will meet no mercy."

Col. Nelson, anxious to have an opportunity of exhibiting to the world what his command is capable of, and thus put their manhood beyond all question, has implored Gen. Banks to put him in the foremost point of danger in the coming struggle, and says that his men are ready as himself to stake their lives upon the result; but the General—doubtless acting upon explicit orders—says they must, at present at least, be confined to manning the fortifications here.

FEELING TOWARD THEM.

I am happy to say that the feeling toward these colored regiments, throughout the army, is undergoing the most rapid and extraordinary changes. Soldiers that—only a few months, nay, weeks ago—would have flown into a furious passion at the bare idea of a black man carrying a musket like themselves, now say, "Oh, if you are going to give them white officers, that is another affair altogether."—*Corr. N. Y. Tribune.*

☞ Gen. Saxton's brief report of the doings of the colored troops in Florida in taking and holding Jacksonville, sets at rest the question of negro bravery. He says: "In every action, the negro troops have behaved with the greatest bravery; never in a single instance, so far as I can learn, have they flinched." Gen. Saxton is of opinion that no event has created so much panic in the slave districts as this raid of colored troops.

WEST VIRGINIA. The vote for the Amended (Emancipation) Constitution of this State is not only substantially unanimous, but it is quite heavy. Here are specimens:—

	For the Constitution.	Against it.
Parkersburg,	629	1
Weston,	294	1
Clarksburg,	310	2
Buckhannon,	350	0
Moundsville,	274	1

We have many more, but these will suffice.

NEGRO-HUNTING WITHIN OUR LINES. Letters from the hospitals at Point Lookout, Md., say that the slave-catcher has recently made his appearance there. Months ago, persons calling themselves masters claimed as their own, negroes who had escaped from Virginia as well as those who had the misfortune to belong to Maryland plantations. But, under General Orders issued in conformity with a law of Congress, no officer dared to surrender them. A few weeks since, a detachment of the "Lost Children" regiment stationed at this post was relieved by the "Second Eastern Shore House Guard," under the immediate command of Col. Rogers, and the superior command of Brig.-Gen. Lockwood, who spends a large part of his time at the Point. Soon after the arrival of this regiment, a negro-hunter made his appearance in quest, not of a fugitive, but a "thief," the slaves he sought having taken from their masters a boat in which to make their escape. The officer of the day was sent with a squad of men to hunt up the culprits, but was unable to find them, the law-abiding convalescent soldiers of the hospitals having means to secrete them. Other so-called masters were more successful: having decoyed their prey beyond the lines, they laid in wait for them, and carried them off. Several instances of this have taken place. We hear that Gen. Lockwood, when remonstrated with on the subject, declared that, in allowing these things to be done, he is acting in strict conformity with general orders from Gen. Schenck, the commander of the Department. Those who know Gen. Schenck, and who remember the campaign on the eastern shore of Maryland, find it difficult to credit this assertion.

HOW NEGRO SOLDIERS BEHAVE. The Washington *Star*, hitherto one of the most bitter opponents of the policy of employing negroes as soldiers, editorially said, a few days since:

"We learned from Assistant Adjutant-General Townsend, on his return from the Department of South Carolina, facts concerning the condition of the first regiment of the kind brought into the field, that prepared us to hear at a later day of the success of the experiment. Col. Townsend assured us that they were remarkably well drilled, cleanly, and obedient troops, evincing a condition of discipline that augured well for their efficiency before the enemy. Already we have news that they are satisfactorily fulfilling these expectations. So far, their first expedition into the interior has been a complete success, for they had, when last heard from, accomplished everything hoped for at the time from them, and, besides, had so conducted themselves in the rebel country as to prove that, so far as they are concerned, the apprehensions entertained by many that wherever they penetrated, indiscriminate rapine, arson, and murder of defenceless non-combatants would attend their footsteps, were utterly groundless. On the contrary, it turns out that the United States have no more orderly and well-conducted troops in the service than this same negro regiment. It is due to the truth and the cause that these facts should be promptly realized by the country at large, as, if successful, the policy must be of great importance in weakening the rebels and strengthening the Union cause. The good conduct of these troops, and their success in the field, seem to bid fair to dissipate popular prejudice against their employment, while they will also be the means of inducing nearly all the able-bodied contrabands to enlist in our service as fast as they escape from the clutches of the rebels."

NEGRO REGIMENTS. Senator-General James H. Lane, that bold type of Kansas character, in a late speech which he made at a meeting of the Union League, said: "It has been said that a negro will not fight, but that is a mistaken idea. What is it that renders one man more courageous than another? It is simply the degree to which a man's nerves are exposed to danger. The man who is in constant danger soon becomes careless of danger, because his nerves are hardened by that exposure. This being the case, and a negro being exposed to danger from the cradle to the tomb, it is natural that he should not fear it, and he will therefore make the most courageous of soldiers. A negro regiment, (continued Gen. Lane,) you may rely upon it, never will be stampeded. In August last, I organized a regiment of blacks, and to-day it is the best drilled regiment in the service of the world."

"DON'T WANT TO BE FREE!" A correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*, with the Yazoo expedition, says:

The place where our boats are lying is a plantation owned by ex-Senator Gwin, of California, (now acting as one of the confidential Cabinet in the soi-disant "Confederacy,") or rather his wife, in whose name whatever property he owns is vested, for the reason that a large defalcation, while holding office in this State some years ago, renders it unprofitable for him to hold any thing in his own right.

The plantation presents, of course, a very desolate appearance. The main residence, or manor-house, is dilapidated in the extreme; all the furniture has been removed, and the entire establishment is falling to decay. The negro quarters are all deserted, and the only blacks left are a few juvenile specimens, too young to appreciate the blessings of freedom, or claim the benefits of the Act of Emancipation.

Speaking of this subject, it is singular how totally devoid the negroes of Mississippi, Louisiana, and every other Cotton State in which I have been during the progress of the war, are of fealty to their masters, even when, as they say themselves, they have been well treated. Every one remembers how the Southerners were wont to boast of the attachment and devotion of their sable bondmen; of the impossibility of inducing them to leave those who had taken care of them in sickness and in old age, and whom they regarded as their dearest friends.

This, like nearly every other assumption in Secessia, is mere gallimatia. The blacks seem to have a passionate love for liberty, and are constantly incurring risks in its behalf that prove their attachment thereto most indubitably. Not only field hands, but house servants, who have been reared beneath the softest influences and the choicest blessings of the peculiar institution, with a strange ingratitude run away at the first opportunity, weaning themselves at once and for ever from the charms of slavery.

The truth of my statement is clearly shown here. Though a number of the most valuable house-servants were taken away many months ago, the laborers on the plantation have all fled, oblivious of the debt of affection they owed to Mistress Gwin and her family.

☞ A serious demonstration occurred at Providence, a day or two ago, among a portion of General Logan's division of the Seventeenth Corps, against a single negro, who, an eye witness informs me, was most unjustly set upon and cruelly beaten for the atrocious crime of being an African. A brave and truly chivalrous gentleman, Captain Vogelson, having charge of the Commissary Department on the City of Madison, seeing the inhuman brutes were about to kill the negro, rushed forward, pistol in hand, and rescued the poor black from their clutches at the peril of his life. The mob, enraged at the escape of their victim, turned upon the captain, who assured them he would kill the first man who laid a finger upon him. They howled and roared, and crowded thick and menacingly around him, but, like all such fellows, the ringleaders were cowards at heart, and stood in awe of one courageous, genuine man.

The captain acted nobly and heroically. But for his coolness, he would have been torn limb from limb. He finally retired to the transport, when the mob made a wild rush, and would have destroyed the boat, and probably murdered all the negroes in the neighborhood, had not a guard been called out, when the crowd was given a certain time to withdraw or be fired upon.

This decisive course had the desired effect, and saved, no doubt, hundreds of lives. It is to be hoped the ringleaders will be arrested and properly punished, for such conduct as theirs is most pernicious in its influence, and enough to demoralize the whole army.

There is a growing disposition with some of our troops to persecute and abuse the negroes, who are generally the most inoffensive creatures, on every possible occasion; and the sooner such ruffians and poltroons are cured of their ruffianism, the more trouble the hangman will be spared, and the less our army will be disgraced.—*Army Corr. N. Y. Tribune.*

THE REBEL BARBARITIES. The stories brought from the South by released prisoners who arrived here yesterday are being put in an official form by the Secretary of War, with a view to their official publication, and perhaps also to the adoption of retaliatory measures. Judge-Advocate-General Holt took a number of depositions to-day on the subject.

The accounts which the witnesses gave of the suffering to which they have been subjected, during more than a year of imprisonment, are beyond anything yet publicly known. Several of them belonged to the party of 22 Ohio boys whom Gen. Mitchell detailed after the battle of Corinth to destroy a railroad in Georgia, and who were captured in the interior, treated as felons were before prisons were reformed, put in irons, starved, and denied light and air for nearly a year. Seven of them were dragged in irons to the scaffold, and executed. Lieut. Burrett of Ohio, who received one hundred lashes on his back rather than disclose the name of the leader of the expedition, was one of the witnesses.—*Washington paper.*

☞ Several petitions having been presented to the Pennsylvania Legislature against the immigration of negroes, a Mr. McClellan presents a remonstrance against allowing red-haired persons to become so numerous in the State.

☞ The shameful statement is made that house holders in Detroit fear to rent their houses to those who have been burned out and mobbed, and the negroes, therefore, wander houseless in the streets.

ADDITIONAL RECEIPTS

On account of the 29th Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary

A. S. Schieffelin, Esq., New York,	$100.00
Wm. P. Atkinson, Esq., Cambridge,	10.00
Rev. Edgar Buckingham, Troy, N. Y.,	5.00
Miss Helen Porter, Medford,	5.00
Friend in Norfolk County,	5.00
Mrs. Caroline E. Waite, Hubbardston,	2.00
Mrs. Martha Smith, Plainfield, Ct., (2d donation,)	10.00
Mrs. Benjamin Barker, Olean, N. Y.,	1.00
S. F. Jennings,	1.00
N. Parsons,	.25
S. S. Drake,	.50
Cash,	.25

G. Bratz, (a young German,) of East Boston, gave, to be sold for the Anti-Slavery cause, a handsome violin, of his own construction. It may be seen at the Anti-Slavery office, 221 Washington Street.

☞ CATHOLIC CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, Mercantile Building, 16 Summer Street, Hall No. 4. Rev. L. A. SAWYER, Translator of the Scriptures, will preach next Sabbath, at half past 10 o'clock, A. M.

SUBJECT—On the 8th chapter of Daniel, which is the 2nd in the Hebrew series, and first of the Prophetic visions. The character of the vision, and its principles of interpretation, will be carefully considered, and its teachings noted.

☞ WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., will address the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, on Temperance and the Metropolitan Police, on Sunday forenoon next, at the MELODEON, where meetings of the Society are to be held for the remainder of the season, owing to repairs in the Music Hall.

☞ PLEDGES to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, made at the *New England Anti-Slavery Convention*, May, 1862, or previously to that time, are now fully due, and may be paid to the Treasurer, EDMUND JACKSON, 22 Chatham Street, or at the Anti-Slavery office, 221 Washington Street, Boston.

We ask the particular attention of all our friends concerned to the above notice. In the multitude of demands now made upon the sympathies and purses of all anti-slavery people, is there not danger that the claims of this old weather-beaten (yet we hope storm-proof) Society will be too much over-looked?

☞ MERCY B. JACKSON, M. D., has removed on 695 Washington street, 2d door North of Warren. Particular attention paid to Diseases of Women and Children.

References.—Luther Clark, M. D.; David Thayer, M. D.

Office hours from 2 to 4, P. M.

DIED—In South Gardner, Thursday morning, March 26th, of diptheria, ALICE MARIA ALLEN, aged 5 years and 10 months, only child of A. Allen and Sarah Bent.

We deeply sympathize with these faithful friends of suffering humanity in their present severe trial. They are not without many consolations; and their abiding joy in her they have for a little time parted with, no man can take from them.—M.

In Lexington, Kentucky, March 1st, DENNIS SEALES, aged 78 years, a wealthy colored citizen of that place. He was for many years a dealer in horses, and accumulated a large property. He was an honest and shrewd man, who was much respected by a large circle of whites as well as blacks, to whom he was well known.

SCHOOL IN NEWBURGH, N. Y.

MISS H. M. PARKHURST

Will commence the Summer Term of her Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies,

On Monday, April 20th, 1863.

MISS H. M. PARKHURST, Teacher of Mental and Moral Science, Rhetoric, &c.

MISS H. L. BOWEN, Teacher of Mathematics and Natural Sciences.

MISS E. F. SHEPARD, Teacher of Languages.

MISS F. E. NEWLAND, Teacher of Drawing, Painting and Penmanship.

MISS A. J. STERLING, Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

MISS PARKHURST has had seven years of successful experience in the care of a Boarding School in this State, besides several years of teaching in the best schools in Massachusetts.

She designs and promises, that all branches of study undertaken in her School shall be thoroughly and efficiently pursued.

Especial attention will be given to the health of the pupils.

Daily religious exercises will be held in the family and in the School.

The School Year is divided into three terms: two of thirteen weeks each, and one of twelve weeks.

Board and Tuition in English Branches, per term, $60; per year, $175.

REFERENCES.—Rev. T. J. Sawyer, D. D., Clinton, N. Y.; Rev. S. W. Fisher, D. D., President of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.; De Witt C. Grove, Mayor of Utica, N. Y.; Rev. A. D. Mayo, Albany, N. Y.; Henry Bigelow, M. D., Newton, Mass.; Dio Lewis, M. D., Boston, Mass.; Prof. H. B. Pierce, Principal of Model School, Trenton, N. J.; Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., New York; Rev. Austin Craig, D. D., Blooming-Grove, N. Y.

For particulars, please address,

MISS H. M. PARKHURST,

april3-2m *Newburgh, N. Y.*

154 Washington St., 5 doors South of Milk St.

October 24. 6m

LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN.

THE Life and Letters of Captain John Brown, who was executed at Charlestown, Virginia, Dec. 2d, 1859, for an Armed Attack upon American Slavery; with Notices of some of his Confederates. Edited by RICHARD D. WEBB. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1861.

A small fresh supply of this interesting work, (which is prefaced by a fine photograph likeness,) wherein the character and purposes of John Brown are set forth with great clearness and justice, has been received and is now for sale at this office. Price, one dollar. Correspondents sending that sum will have a copy of the book sent them—postage paid. Address, SAMUEL MAY, Jr., 221 Washington Street, Boston. mar6-tf

IMPROVEMENT IN Champooing and Hair Dyeing,

"WITHOUT SMUTTING."

MADAME CARTEAUX BANNISTER

WOULD inform the public that she has removed from 223 Washington Street, to

No. 31 WINTER STREET,

where she will attend to all diseases of the Hair.

She is sure to cure in nine cases out of ten, as she has for many years made the hair her study, and is sure there are none to excel her in producing a new growth of hair.

Her Restorative differs from that of any one else, being made from the roots and herbs of the forest.

She Champoos with a bark which does not grow in this country, and which is highly beneficial to the hair before using the Restorative, and will prevent the hair from turning grey.

She also has another for restoring grey hair to its natural color in nearly all cases. She is not afraid to speak of her Restoratives in any part of the world, as they are used in every city in the country. They are also packed for her customers to take to Europe with them, enough to last two or three years, as they often say they can get nothing abroad like them.

MADAME CARTEAUX BANNISTER,
No. 31 Winter Street, Boston.

The Liberator.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE:

AN ADDRESS BY

WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

DELIVERED AT NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1863.

[REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I have been requested to offer you a sketch, made some years since, of one of the most remarkable men of the last generation, the great St. Domingo chief, Toussaint L'Ouverture, an unmixed negro, with no drop of white blood in his veins. My sketch is at once a biography and an argument—a biography, of course very brief, of a negro soldier and statesman, which I offer you as an argument in behalf of the race from which he sprung. I am about to compare and weigh races; indeed, I am engaged to-night in what you will think the absurd effort to convince you that the negro race, instead of being that object of pity or contempt which we usually consider it, is entitled, judged by the facts of history, to a place close by the side of the Saxon. Now, races love to be judged in two ways—by the great men they produce, and by the average merit of the mass of the race. We Saxons are proud of Bacon, Shakspeare, Hampden, Hancock, Washington, the stars we have lent to the galaxy of history; and then we turn with equal pride to the average merit of Saxon blood, since it streamed from its German home. So, again, there are three tests by which races love to be tried. The first, the basis of all, is courage—the element which says, here and to-day, "This continent is mine, from the Lakes to the Gulf: let him beware who seeks to divide it!" (Cheers.) And the second is the recognition that force is doubled by purpose; liberty regulated by law is the secret of Saxon progress. And the third element is persistency, endurance; first a purpose, then death or success. Of these three elements is made that Saxon pluck which has placed our race in the van of modern civilization.

In the hour you lend me to-night, I attempt the Quixotic effort to convince you that the negro blood, instead of standing at the bottom of the list, is entitled if judged either by its great men or its masses, either by its courage, its purpose or its endurance, to a place as near ours as any other blood known in history. And, for the purpose of my argument, I take an island, St. Domingo, about the size of South Carolina, the third spot in America upon which Columbus placed his foot. Charmed by the magnificence of its scenery and fertility of its soil, he gave it the fondest of all names, Hispaniola, Little Spain. His successor, more pious, rebaptized it from St. Dominic, St. Domingo; and when the blacks, in 1803, drove our white blood from its surface, they drove our names with us, and gave it the old name, Hayti, the land of mountains. It was originally tenanted by fillibusters, French and Spanish, of the early commercial epochs, the pirates of that day as of ours. The Spanish took the Eastern two-thirds, the French the Western third of the island, and they gradually settled into colonies. The French, to whom my story belongs, became the pet colony of the mother land. Guarded by peculiar privileges, enriched by the scions of wealthy houses, aided by the unmatched fertility of the soil, it soon was the richest gem in the Bourbon crown; and at the period to which I call your attention, about the era of our Constitution, 1789, its wealth was almost incredible. The effeminacy of the white race rivalled that of the Sybarite of antiquity, while the splendor of their private life outshone Versailles, and their luxury found no mate but in the mad prodigality of the Cæsars. At this time, the island held about 30,000 whites, 20,000 or 30,000 mulattoes, and 500,000 slaves. The mulattoes, as with us, were children of the slaveholders, but, unlike us, the French slaveholder never forgot his child by a bondwoman. He gave him everything but his name—wealth, rich plantations, gangs of slaves; sent him to Paris for his education, summoned the best culture of France for the instruction of his daughters, so that in 1790 the mulatto race held one-third of the real estate and one quarter of the personal estate of the island. But, though educated and rich, he bowed under the same yoke as with us. Subjected to special taxes, he could hold no public office, and, if convicted of any crime, was punished with double severity. His son might not sit on the same seat at school with a white boy; he might not enter a church where a white man was worshipping; he must, if he reached a town on horseback, dismount and lead his horse by the bridle; and when he died, even his dust could not rest in the same soil with a white body.

It was over such a population—the white man melted in sensuality, the mulatto feeling all the more keenly his degradation from the very wealth and culture that he enjoyed, the slave, sullen and indifferent, heeding not the quarrels or the changes of the upper air,—it was over this population that there burst, in 1789, the thunder-storm of the French Revolution. The first words that reached the island were the motto of the Jacobin Club—"Liberty, Equality." The white man heard them aghast. He had read of the streets of Paris running blood. The slave heard them with indifference; it was a quarrel in the upper air, which did not concern him. The mulatto heard them with a welcome which no dread of other classes could quell. Hastily gathered into conventions, they sent to Paris a Committee of the whole body, laid at the feet of the National Convention, the free gift of 6,000,000 of francs, pledged one fifth of their annual rental toward the payment of the national debt, and all they asked in return was, that this yoke of civil and social contempt should be lifted from their shoulders.

You may easily imagine the temper in which Mirabeau and Lafayette welcomed this munificent gift of the free mulattoes of the West Indies, and in which the petition for equal civil rights was received by a body which had just resolved that all men were equal. The Convention hastened to express their gratitude for the liberal offer of their fellow-citizens of the Republic, and they issued a decree which commences thus: "All freeborn French citizens are equal before the law." They selected Ogé—the friend of Lafayette, a Lieut. Col. in the Dutch service, the son of a wealthy mulatto woman, educated in Paris, the comrade of all the leading French Republicans—to carry the decree and the message of French Democracy to the island. He landed. The decree of the National Convention was laid on the table of the General Assembly of the island. One old planter seized it, tore it in fragments, and trampled it under his feet, swearing by all the saints in the calendar that the island might sink before they would share their rights with bastards. They took an old mulatto, worth a million, who had simply asked for his rights under that decree, and hung him. A white lawyer of seventy, who drafted the petition, they hung at his side. They took Ogé, broke him on the wheel, ordered him to be drawn and quartered, and one quarter of his body to be hung up in each of the four principal cities of the island; and they then adjourned.

You can conceive better than I can describe the mood in which Mirabeau and Danton received the news that their decree had been torn in pieces and trampled under foot by the petty legislature of an island colony, and their comrade drawn and quartered by the orders of its governor. Robespierre rushed to the tribune and shouted, "Perish the islands before we sacrifice one tittle of the rights of French citizens!" The Convention reaffirmed their decree, and sent it out a second time to be executed.

But it was not then as now, when steam has married the continents. It took months to communicate; and while this news of the death of Ogé and the defiance of the National Convention was going to France, and the answer returning, great events had taken place in the island itself. The Spanish or the Eastern section, perceiving these divisions, invaded the towns of the Western, and conquered many of its cities. One half of the slaveholders were republicans, in love with the new constellation which had just gone up in our Northern sky, seeking to be admitted a State in this Republic, plotting for annexation. The other half were loyalists, anxious, deserted as they supposed themselves by the Bourbons, to make alliance with George III. They sent to Jamaica, and entreated its Governor to assist them in their intrigue. He finally sent Gen. Maitland, (afterwards the Admiral who carried Napoleon to St. Helena,) who landed with 5000 Englishmen on the North side of the island, and gained many successes. The mulattoes were in the mountains, awaiting events. They distrusted the Government which a few years before they had assisted to put down an insurrection of the whites, and which had forfeited its promise to grant them civil privileges. Deserted by both sections, Blanchelande the Governor had left the capital, and fled for refuge to a neighboring city.

In this state of affairs, the second decree reached the island. The whites forgot their quarrel, sought out Blanchelande, and obliged him to promise that he never would publish the decree. Affrighted, the Governor consented to that course, and they left him. He then began to reflect that in reality he was deposed, that the Bourbons had lost the sceptre of the island. He remembered his appeal to the mulattoes five years before to put down an insurrection. Deserted now by the whites, and by the mulattoes, only one force was left him in the island—that was the blacks. They had always remembered with gratitude the *code noir*, black code, of Louis XIV., the first interference of any power in their behalf. To the blacks Blanchlande appealed. He sent a deputation to the slaves. He was aided by the agents of Count D'Artois, afterward Charles X., who was seeking to do in St. Domingo, what Charles II. did in Virginia, (whence its name of Old Dominion,) institute a reaction against the Rebellion at home. The two joined forces, and sent first to Toussaint. Nature made him a Metternich, a diplomatist. He probably wished to avail himself of this offer, foreseeing advantage to his race, but to avail himself of it so cautiously as to provide against failure, risking as little as possible till the intentions of the other party had been tested, and so managing as to be able to go on or withdraw as the best interest of his race demanded. He said, therefore, to the Envoys, "Where are your credentials?" "We have none." "I will have nothing to do with you." They then sought Francois and Biassou, two other slaves of strong passions, considerable intellect, and great influence over their fellow slaves, and said, "Arm, assist the Government, put down the English on the one hand, and the Spanish on the other"; and on the 21st of August, 1791, 15,000 blacks, led by Francois and Biassou, supplied with arms from the arsenal of the Government, appeared in the midst of the colony. It is believed that Toussaint, unwilling himself to head the movement, was still desirous that it should go forward, trusting, as proved the case, that it would result in benefit to his race. He is supposed to have advised Francois in his course—saving himself for a more momentous hour.

This is what Edward Everett calls the Insurrection of St. Domingo. It bore for its motto on one side of its banner, "Long live the King"; and on the other, "We claim the Old Laws." Singular mottoes for a rebellion! In fact, it was the *posse comitatus*; it was the only French army on the island; it was the only force that had a right to bear arms; and what it undertook, it achieved. It put Blanchelande in his seat; it put the island beneath his rule. When it was done, the blacks said to the Governor they had created, "Now, grant us one day in seven; give us one day's labor; we will buy another, and with the two buy a third"—the favorite method of emancipation at that time. Like the Blanchelande of five years before, he refused. He said: "Disarm! Disperse!" and the blacks answered, "The right hand that has saved you, the right hand that has saved the island for the Bourbons, may perchance clutch some of our own rights"; and they stood still. (Cheering.) This is the first insurrection, if any such there were in St. Domingo—the first determined purpose on the part of the negro, having saved the government, to save himself.

Now, let me stop a moment to remind you of one thing. I am going to open to you a chapter of bloody history—no doubt of it. Who set the example? Who dug up from its grave of a hundred years the hideous punishment of the wheel, and broke Ogé, every bone, a living man? Who flared in the face of indignant and astonished Europe the forgotten barbarity of quartering the yet palpitating body? Our race. And if the black man learned the lesson but too well, it does not lie in our lips to complain. During this whole struggle, written, mark you, by the white man—the whole picture from the pencil of the white race—the record is, that for one life the negro took in battle, in hot and bloody fight, the white race took, in the cool malignity of revenge, three to answer for it. Notice, also, that up to this moment, the slave had taken no part in the struggle, except at the bidding of the government; and even then, not for himself, but only to sustain the laws.

At this moment, then, the island stands thus: The Spaniard is on the east triumphant; the Englishman is on the north-west intrenched; the mulattoes are in the mountains waiting; the blacks are in the valleys victorious; one half the French slaveholding element is republican, the other half royalist; the white race against the mulatto and the black; the black against both; the Frenchman against the English and Spaniard; the Spaniard against both. It is a war of races and a war of nations. At such a moment, Toussaint L'Ouverture appeared.

He had been born a slave—as I said, an unmixed black, his father stolen from Africa—on a plantation in the north of the island. He was fifty years old at this time. A kind priest had taught him to read. His favorite books were Epictetus, Raynal, Military Memoirs, Plutarch. In the woods, he learned some of the qualities of herbs, and was village doctor. On the estate, the highest place he ever reached was that of coachman. At fifty, he joined the army as physician. Before he went, he placed his master and mistress on shipboard, freighted the vessel with a cargo of sugar and coffee, and sent them to Baltimore, and never afterward did he forget to send them, year by year, ample means of support. And I might add, that of all the leading negro generals, each one saved the man under whose roof he was born, and protected the family. (Cheering.)

Let me add another thing. If I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I here to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. (Applause.) I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Englishmen, Spaniards, Frenchmen—men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies.

The second story told of him is this:—About the time he reached the camp, the army had been subjected to two insults. First, their Commissioners, summoned to meet the French Committee, were ignominiously and insultingly dismissed; and when, afterward, Francois, their General, was summoned to a second conference, and went to it on horseback, accompanied by two officers, a young lieutenant, who had known him as a slave, angered at seeing him in the uniform of an officer, raised his riding-whip and struck him over the shoulders. If he had been the savage which the negro is painted to us, he had only to breathe the insult to his 25,000 soldiers, and they would have trodden out the Frenchmen in blood. But the indignant chief rode back in silence to his tent, and it was twenty-four hours before his troops heard of this insult to their General. Then the word went forth, "Death to every white man!" They had fifteen hundred prisoners. Ranged in front of the camp, they were about to be shot. Toussaint, who had a vein of religious fanaticism, like most great leaders—like Mohammed, like Napoleon, like Cromwell, like John Brown (cheers)—he could preach as well as fight—mounting a hillock, and getting the ear of the crowd, exclaimed: "Brothers, this blood will not wipe out the insult to our chief; only the blood in yonder French camp can wipe it out. To shed that is courage; to shed this is cowardice and cruelty beside;" and he saved fifteen hundred lives. (Applause.)

I cannot stop to give in detail every one of his efforts. This was in 1793. Leap with me over seven years; come to 1800; what has he achieved? He has driven the Spaniard back into his own cities, conquered him there, and put the French banner over every Spanish town; and for the first time and the last, the island obeys one law. He has put the mulatto under his feet. He has attacked Maitland, defeated him in pitched battles, and permitted him to retreat to Jamaica; and when the French army rose upon Laveaux, their General, and put him in chains, Toussaint defeated them, took Laveaux out of his prison, and put him at the head of his own troops. The grateful French, in return, named him General-in-Chief. *Cet homme fait l'ouverture partout*, said one—this man makes an opening everywhere—hence his soldiers named him L'Ouverture, the opening.

This was the work of seven years. Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember that Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen, the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, 100,000 of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered (cheers); at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put him under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. (Applause.) Now if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica, which, with Athens for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.

Further—Cromwell was only a soldier; his fame stops there. Not one line in the statute book of Britain can be traced to Cromwell; not one step in the social life of England finds its motive power in his brain. The state he founded went down with him to his grave. But this man no sooner put his hand on the helm of state than the ship steadied with an upright keel, and he began to evince a statesmanship as marvellous as his military genius. History says that the most statesmanlike act of Napoleon was his proclamation of 1802, at the peace of Amiens, when, believing that the indelible loyalty of a native-born heart is always a sufficient basis on which to found an empire, he said: "Frenchmen, come home. I pardon the crimes of the last twelve years; I blot out its parties; I found my throne on the hearts of all Frenchmen," and twelve years of unmingled success showed how wisely he judged. That was in 1802. In 1800 this negro made a proclamation; it runs thus: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The negro only asked that liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you; your lands are ready; come and cultivate them;" and from Madrid and Paris, from Baltimore and New Orleans, the emigrant planters crowded home to enjoy their estates, under the pledged word that was never broken, and the right arm that was never shortened, of a victorious slave. (Cheers.)

Again, Carlyle has said: "The natural king is one who melts all wills into his own." At this moment he turned to his armies—poor, ill-clad and half-starved—and said to them: Go back and work on these estates you have conquered; for an empire can be founded only on order and industry, and you can learn these virtues only there. And they went. The French Admiral, who witnessed the scene, said that in a week his army melted back into peasants.

It was 1800. The world waited fifty years before, in 1846, Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam Smith theorized, the French statesmen dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited till 1846 before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfettered trade. But in 1800 this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the Committee who were drafting for him a Constitution: "Put at the head of the Chapter of Commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world." (Cheers.) With lofty indifference to race, superior to all envy or prejudice, Toussaint had formed this Committee of eight white proprietors and one mulatto,—not a soldier nor a negro on the list, although Haytian history proves that, with the exception of Rigaud, the rarest genius has always been shown by pure negroes.

Again, it was 1800, at a time when England was poisoned on every page of her statute book with religious intolerance, when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal communion, when every State in the Union except Rhode Island was full of the intensest religious bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet, negro, Catholic, slave—he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his Committee: "Make it the first line of my Constitution, that I know no difference between religious beliefs." (Applause.)

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of University routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver of seventy years; and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreathe a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams before any Englishman or American had won the right,—and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo. (Cheers.)

It was 1801. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the whole world was gathered in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and, with a single stroke of his pen, reduced Guadaloupe and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his Council: "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholders said, "Give it to us." Napoleon turned to the Abbé Gregoire: "What is your opinion?" "I think those men would change their opinions, if they changed their skins." Col. Vincent, who had been Private Secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon, in which he said: "Sire, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern; races melt under his hand. He has saved you this island; for I know of my own knowledge that when the Republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III. offered him any title and any revenue, if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused, and saved it for France." Napoleon turned away from his Council, and is said to have remarked: "I have 80,000 idle troops; I must find them something to do." He meant to say, "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the faces of 80,000 Republican soldiers; I must give them work at a distance to do." The gossip of Paris gives another reason for his expedition against St. Domingo. It is said that the satirists of Paris had christened Toussaint, the Black Napoleon; and Bonaparte hated his black shadow. Toussaint had unfortunately once addressed him a letter—"The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." He did not like the comparison. You would think it too slight a motive. But let me remind you that the present Napoleon, when the Epigrammatists of Paris christened his wasteful and tasteless expense at Versailles, *Soulouquerie*, from the name of Soulouque, the Black Emperor, deigned to issue a specific order forbidding the use of the word. The Napoleon blood is very sensitive. So Napoleon resolved to crush him, from one motive or another, from the prompting of ambition, or dislike of this resemblance—which was very close—they were very much alike, and they were very French: French even in vanity, common to both. You remember Bonaparte's vain-glorious words to his soldiers at the Pyramids: "Forty centuries look down upon us." In the same mood, Toussaint said to the French captain who urged him to go to France in his frigate: "Sir, your ship is not large enough to carry me." Napoleon, you know, could never bear the military uniform. He hated the restraint of his rank; he loved to put on the grey coat of the Little Corporal, and wander in the camp. Toussaint also never could bear a uniform. He wore a plain coat, and often the yellow madras handkerchief of the slaves. A French Lieutenant once called him a maggot in a yellow handkerchief. Toussaint took him prisoner next day, and sent him home to his mother. Like Napoleon, he could fast many days; could dictate to three secretaries at once; could wear out four or five horses. Like Napoleon, no man ever divined his purpose or penetrated his plan. He was only a negro, and so, in him, they called it hypocrisy. In Bonaparte we style it diplomacy. For instance, three attempts made to assassinate him all failed, from not firing at the right spot. If they thought he was in the North in a carriage, he would be in the South on horseback; if they thought he was in the city in a house, he would be in the field in a tent. They once riddled his carriage with bullets; he was on horseback on the other side. The seven Frenchmen who did it were arrested. They expected to be shot. The next day was some Saint's day; he ordered them to be placed before the high altar, and when the priest reached the prayer for forgiveness, came down from his high seat, repeated it with him, and permitted them to go unpunished. (Cheers.) He had that wit common to all great commanders, which makes its way in a camp. His soldiers getting disheartened, he filled a large vase with powder, and scattering six grains of rice in it, shook them up, and said: "See, there is the white—there is the black; what are you afraid of?" So when people came to him in great numbers for office, as it is reported they do sometimes even in Washington, he learned the first words of a Catholic prayer in Latin, and, repeating it, would say, "Do you understand that?" "No, sir." "What! want an office, and not know Latin? Go home and learn it!"

Then again, like Napoleon—like genius always—he had confidence in his power to rule men. You remember when Bonaparte returned from Elba, and Louis XVIII. sent an army against him, Bonaparte descended from his carriage, opened his coat, saying, "Frenchmen, it is the Emperor!" and they ranged themselves behind him, *his* soldiers, shouting "*Vive l'Empereur!*" That was in 1815. Twelve years before, Toussaint, finding that two of his regiments had deserted and gone to Leclerc, drew his sword, flung it on the grass, went across the field to them, folded his arms and said, "Children, can you point a bayonet at me?" and the blacks fell on their knees, praying his pardon. His bitterest enemies watched him, and none of them charged him with love of money, sensuality, or cruel use of power. The only instance in which his sternest critic has charged him with severity is this: During a tumult, a few white proprietors who had returned, trusting his proclamation, were killed. His nephew, General Moise, was accused of indecision in quelling the riot. He assembled a court-martial, and on its verdict ordered his own nephew to be shot; sternly Roman in thus keeping his promise of protection to the whites. Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power, it was against such a man that Napoleon sent his army, giving to Gen. Leclerc, the husband of his beautiful sister Pauline, thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to reintroduce slavery. Among these soldiers came all of Toussaint's old mulatto rivals and foes.

Holland lent sixty ships, England promised by special message to be neutral; and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom, and sending arms to tyrants. (Loud and long-continued applause.) England promised neutrality, and the black looked out on the whole civilized world marshalled against him. America, full of slaves, of course was hostile. Only the Yankee sold him poor muskets at a very high price. (Laughter.) Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread had shaken Europe more than any foot had done so since the Cæsars—soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banner on the walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, said: "All France is come to Hayti; they can only come to make us slaves; all is lost." And he then recognized the only mistake of his life—his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning, he issued the only proclamation that bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make;" and he was obeyed. (Applause.) When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dykes, give Holland back to ocean;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders;" and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshalled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of despair.

It is true, the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But, remember, the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to *reduce freemen to slavery* with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom, he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon, and turned back the hateful invaders with a vengeance as terrible as their own; though even now he refused to be cruel.

Leclerc sent word to Christophe, that he was about to land at Cape City. Christophe said, "Toussaint is Governor of the Island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town, and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Christophe took 2000 *white* men, women and children, carried them to the mountains in safety, and then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had finished for him, and in forty hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. (Cheers.) Wherever they went, they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the Marseilles Hymn, and the French soldiers stood still; they could not fight the Marseillaise. And it was not till their officers sabered them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten. Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights you claim." They cheated every one of his officers, except Christophe and Dessalines, and his own brother Pierre, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years—could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit, and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the Island should be free. As the French General glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw, opposite, Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours." (Cheers.) He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming, when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; and here is the only charge made against him, the only charge. They say he was fool enough to go. Grant it; what was the record? The white man lies shrewdly to cheat the negro. Knight errantry was truth. The foulest insult you can offer a man since the Crusades is, You lie. Of Toussaint, Hermona, the Spanish General, who knew him well, said, "He was the purest soul that God ever put into a body." Of him history says, "He never broke his word." Maitland was travelling in the depths of the woods to meet Toussaint, when he was met by a messenger, and told that he was betrayed. He went on, and met Toussaint. Toussaint showed him two letters—one from the French General, offering him any rank if he would put Maitland in his power, and the other his reply. It was: "Sir, I have promised the Englishman that he shall go back." (Cheers.) Let it stand, therefore, that the negro, truthful as a knight of old, was cheated by his lying foe. Which race has a reason to be proud of such a record?

But he was not cheated. He was under espionage. Suppose he had refused: the government would have doubted him—would have found some cause to arrest him. He probably reasoned thus: If I go willingly, I shall be treated accordingly: and he went. The moment he entered the room, the officers drew their swords, and told him he was prisoner; and one young lieutenant who was present says, "He was not at all surprised, but seemed very sad." They put him on shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight, he turned to the captain, and said, "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep, that all France can never root it up." (Cheers.) Arrived in Paris, he was flung into jail, and Napoleon sent his Secretary, Caffarelli, to him, supposing he had buried large treasures. He listened awhile, then replied, "It is true I have lost treasures, but they are not such as you come to seek." Then he sent him to the Castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high up on the side looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In winter, ice covers the floor; in summer, it is deep with water. In this living tomb, the child of the sunny tropic was left to die. From this dungeon he wrote two letters to Napoleon. One of them ran thus:—

"Sire, I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God, I have saved for you the best island of your realm. Sire, of your mercy grant me justice."

Napoleon never answered the letters. The commandant allowed him five francs a day for food and fuel. Napoleon heard of it, and reduced the sum to three. The luxurious usurper, who complained that the English government was stingy because it allowed him only $6,000 a month, stooped from his throne to cut down a dollar to a half, and still Toussaint did not die quick enough.

This dungeon was a tomb. The story told of it is, that in Josephine's time, a young French Marquis was placed in it, and the girl to whom he was betrothed went to the Empress, and prayed for his release. Said Josephine to her, "Have a model of it made, and bring it to me." Josephine placed it near Napoleon. He said, Take it away—it is horrible! She put it on his footstool, and he kicked it from him. She held it to him the third time, and said, "Sire, in this horrible dungeon you have put a man to die." "Take him out," said Napoleon, and the girl saved her lover. In this tomb Toussaint was placed, but he did not die fast enough. Finally, the commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him, and to stay four days; when he returned, Toussaint was found starved to death. That imperial assassin was taken twelve years after to his tomb at St. Helena by that same Maitland whom Toussaint had conquered, and there he whined away his dying hours in pitiful complaints of curtains and titles, of dishes and rides. God grant that when some future Plutarch shall weigh the great men of our epoch, the whites against the blacks, he do not put that whining child at St. Helena into one scale, and into the other the negro meeting death like a Roman, without a murmur, in the solitude of his icy dungeon!

From the moment he was betrayed, the negroes began to doubt the French, and rushed to arms. Soon every negro but Maurepas deserted the French. Leclerc summoned Maurepas to his side. He came, loyally bringing with him five hundred soldiers. Leclerc spiked his epaulettes to his shoulders, shot him, and flung him into the sea. He took his five hundred soldiers on shore, shot them on the edge of a pit, and tumbled them in. Dessalines from the mountain saw it, and, selecting five hundred French officers from his prisons, hung them on separate trees in sight of Leclerc's camp; and born, as I was, in sight of Bunker Hill, I have not yet found reason to think that he did wrong. (Cheers.) They murdered Pierre Toussaint's wife at his own door, and after such treatment, that it was mercy when they killed her. The maddened husband, who had but a year before saved the lives of twelve hundred white men, carried the next thousand prisoners he took, and sacrificed them on her grave.

The French exhausted every form of torture. The negroes were bound together and thrown into the sea; any one who floated was shot—others sunk with cannon balls tied to their feet—some smothered with sulphur fumes—others strangled, scourged to death, gibbeted; sixteen of Toussaint's officers were chained to rocks in desert islands—others in marshes, and left to be devoured by poisonous reptiles and insects. Rochambeau sent to Cuba for bloodhounds. When they arrived, the young girls went down to the wharf, decked the hounds with ribbons and flowers, kissed their necks; and, seated in the amphitheatre, the women clapped their hands to see a negro thrown to these hounds, previously starved to rage. But the negroes besieged this very city so closely, that these same girls, in their misery, ate the very hounds they had welcomed.

Then flashed forth that defying courage and sublime endurance which show how alike all races are when tried in the same furnace. The Roman wife, whose husband faltered when Nero ordered him to kill himself, seized the dagger, and mortally wounding her own body, cried, "Poetus, it is not hard to die." The world records it with proud tears. Just in the same spirit when a negro Colonel was ordered to execution, and trembled, his wife seized his sword, and giving herself a death wound, said, "Husband, death is sweet when liberty is gone."

The war went on. Napoleon sent over thirty thousand more soldiers. But disaster still followed his efforts. What the sword did not devour, the fever ate up. Leclerc died. Pauline carried his body back to France. Napoleon met her at Bordeaux, saying, "Sister, I gave you an army—you bring me back ashes." Rochambeau—the Rochambeau of our history—left in command of 8,000 troops, sent word to Dessalines: "When I take you, I will not shoot you like a soldier, or hang you like a white man; I will whip you to death like a slave." Dessalines chased him from battle-field to battle field, from fort to fort, and finally shut him up in Samana. Heating cannon-balls to destroy his fleet, Dessalines learned that Rochambeau had begged of the British Admiral permission to cover his troops with the English flag, and the generous negro suffered him to do it.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to 60,000 graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you, go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the 8,000 graves of Frenchmen who skulked home under the English flag, and ask them. And if that does not satisfy you, come home, and if it had been October, 1859, you might have come by way of quaking Virginia, and asked her what she thought of negro courage.

You may also remember this, that we Saxons were slaves about four hundred years, sold with the land, and our fathers never raised a finger to end that slavery. They waited till Christianity and civilization, till commerce and the discovery of America, melted away their chains. Spartacus in Italy led the slaves of Rome against the Empress of the world. She murdered him and crucified them. There never was a slave rebellion successful but once, and that was in St. Domingo. Every race has been, some time or other, in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened and degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided, tore off its own fetters, forged them into swords, and won its liberty on the battle-field, but one, and that was the black race of St. Domingo. God grant that the wise vigor of our Government may avert that necessity from our land; may raise into peaceful liberty the four million committed to our care, and show, under democratic institutions, a statesmanship as far-sighted as that of England, as brave as the negro of Hayti!

So much for the courage of the negro. Now look at his endurance. In 1803, he said to the white men: "This island is ours; not a white foot shall touch it." Side by side with him stood the South American Republics, planted by the best blood of the countrymen of Lope de Vega and Cervantes. They topple over so often that you could no more daguerreotype their crumbling fragments than you could the waves of the ocean. And yet, at their side, the negro has kept his island sacredly to himself. It is said that at first, with rare patriotism, the Haytien Government ordered the destruction of all the sugar plantations remaining, and discouraged its culture, deeming that the temptation which lured the French back again to attempt their enslavement. Burn over New York to-night, fill up her canals, sink every ship, destroy her railroads, blot out every remnant of education from her sons, let her be penniless, with nothing but her hands to begin the world again—how much could she do in sixty years? And Europe, too, would lend you money, but she will not lend Hayti a dollar. Hayti, from the ruins of her colonial dependence, is become a civilized state, the seventh nation in the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. Foreign merchants trust her courts as willingly as they do our own. Thus far, she has foiled the ambition of Spain, the greed of England, and the malicious statesmanship of Calhoun. Toussaint made her what she is. In this work, there was grouped around him a score of men, mostly of pure negro blood, who ably seconded his efforts. They were able in war, and skilful in civil affairs, but not like him remarkable for that rare mingling of high qualities which alone makes true greatness, and insures to one leadership among men, otherwise almost his equals. Toussaint was indisputably their chief. Courage, purpose, endurance—these are the tests. He did plant a State so deep that all the world has not been able to root it up.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "NO RETALIATION" was his great motto, and the rule of his life; and the last words uttered to his son in France were these: "My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo; forget that France murdered your father." I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the State he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and Frémont the ripe fruit of our noon-day (thunders of applause)—then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE. (Long-continued applause.)

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Toussaint, the most unhappy Man of Men!
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillow'd in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not: do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee: air, earth, and skies.
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee: thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and Man's unconquerable mind.

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,
Beneath Besancon's alien sky,
Dark Haytien!—for the time shall come,
Yea, even now is nigh—
When, every where, thy name shall be
Redeemed from *color's infamy*:
And men shall learn to speak of thee,
As one of earth's great spirits, born
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
Casting aside the weary weight
And fetters of its low estate,
In that strong majesty of soul,
Which knows no color, tongue or clime,
Which still hath spurned the base control
Of tyrants through all time!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.